THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER NOW READY

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Toronto has seen some great and glorious pageants in its time, and during the "four days of solid enjoyment" a number of railway drays robed in frills of red cotton passed before the eyes of the assembled multitude, bearing upon their broad and innocent backs scenes of oriental splendor and unspeakable magnificence. Old Bill Blodgett, disguised as Columbus, could be seen discovering America while other partially dressed and very absurd people were discovered in strange but striking positions as the trucks rolled along. It was a night that will live forever in the history of Toronto, yet it could not be compared with the procession that meandered through the rain last Saturday afternoon. Two street cars, specially washed up for the occasion, came bounding from the stables, six white horses attached to each. The horses, utterly dazed by the honor conferred upon them, failed to prance and curvet as it is said the chariot teams of old were in the habit of doing, but blinked sheepishly at one another and wondered if the manager of the street car line had gone crazy. One old horse looked around for the band wagon and failing to discover it stretched his neck on the other side to catch a glance of the clown and the lady rider with the fluffy skirts, thinking he had rejoined the circus that left him here a cripple last summer. The drivers sounded the gong, stable men pushed the horses onto the track and the grand cavalcade was in motion. All it lacked was the postillions and outriders, the velveteen trappings and the tinsel braid, a halberdier and a man in a suit of tin mail to have made it the most imposing street spectacle ever seen in America. This magnificent *entourage* turned gaily towards the City Hall, and at the sound of No. 1 gong came to a halt before that stately pile. No carpets having been laid down or canopies erected to protect the august bodies of those who were about to receive the past supreme degree of ex-alderman, it was proposed that each municipal magnate be conveyed from the portal to the special street car in a wheelbarrow decorated with the city arms and made comfortable by a door mat, but a gentleman who is about to be a candidate in No. 3 division objected to such an expensive, undemocratic and luxurious ceremony, and the local Sanhedrim finally tripped daintily through the mud and arrayed themselves in rows behind the prancing steeds. The Mayor in a few appropriate words requested that the doors be properly tiled. The gong was rung three times, the heralds went forward to clear the track, the stablemen pushed the horses into line, and the most magnificent damphool procession that ever disgraced a city was in motion.

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It is said that the expense of all this magnificence was kept well within two dollars. The event which called forth such a gorgeous display certainly justified this expenditure, as our civic dignitaries were on their way to lay the corner stone of a building which when finished will cost about two million dollars. It is said that quite a warm dispute occurred in one of the cars as to whether the people would not have been more impressed by the frugality and primitive simplicity of the aldermen if the wheelbarrow idea had been adopted for the whole distance, but it was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the city treasurer producing figures showing that three dollars and fifteen cents had been saved by the method which had been decided upon. The great, good gods have seen some great pieces of demagoguery in this town, but nothing like that street car procession has ever so well illustrated the size of our municipal politics. Men who in private life have at least an average amount of sense, in order to catch a few votes were willing to make this ostentatious display of themselves, yet can they imagine that such a roaring absurdity can be palmed off on the people of this city as anything but what it was, a piece of idiocy that disgraced the city. If they wished—as they should—to be economical, there was no reason why they should not have individually meandered up to the new City Hall as they saw fit. They all knew the way, and if they didn't want to pay to ride they could have walked; if they wanted special street cars why the six white horses and the fool business that seems to attend everything they do? If they open the crematory before the end of the year it is to be expected that the aldermen will ride up there in manure wagons drawn by six white horses, and—let us drop the subject for the whole business is Pandering run mad, a craze for display and a cankering desire for a procession concealed beneath the flimsiest, craziest pretext of frugality and simplicity. After squandering the city's funds for a year, after some of them have sat there for several years using every possible influence they possessed inside and outside of the Council to further their own selfish ends to sink the city deeper in debt, these men imagine they can propitiate the people by making an unholy spectacle of themselves. If they had gone to the new building as individuals or had taken ordinary street cars or had had special street cars without this pompous parade of economy, they might have been thought very good. No doubt some of the aldermen were thoroughly ashamed of the whole business, and even Alderman Boustead, who is ordinarily as willing as anybody else to talk bumcomb and pose as a purist, felt his gorge rise at the thought of that howling exhibition they were about to make of themselves.

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However, they had the procession and they laid the corner stone, and at the end of 1891 the architect will have been in charge of the whole concern some seven years. If it takes seven years to get up to the corner stone it should not take more than seventy years more to finish the building. The wastage on the land in rent and interest since it was purchased in 1884 has been enormous. The Council thought nothing of delaying the whole progress of the building while they quarrelled for a few months with the architect as to who should pay the clerk of works, and there has been no detail that could possibly be interfered with that has not suffered from aldermanic contamination. Now that the Mayor's silver trowel has touched the corner stone and copies of the daily papers containing affidavits of their circulation have been placed in position, there is no reason why our City Hall should not rear proudly up at the rate of at least five or ten feet per annum. In the race between our municipal buildings and the new Parliament House Brother Mowat is certainly beating us, though we can claim to be several feet ahead of the Drill Shed, which has not been started yet though the three enterprises have been in the field for very nearly the same length of time.

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I notice that the Trades and Labor Council when asked by the Citizens' Committee to hear representations on behalf of Mr. Osler, their candidate for mayor, refused to enter into any entangling alliances. They were perfectly right in doing so. Later in the year they will have an opportunity of hearing those who are offering themselves or have been induced to become candidates, and will not be hampered by any expression of opinion. The report of their proceedings says that one gentleman laughed at the idea and suggested that the communication before them be thrust into the waste paper basket. Fortunately for the Trades and Labor Council they have better manners than were shown by the executive committee of the Ratepayers' Association, and nobody seconded this uncalled-for motion. It should not be the habit of deliberative bodies to deny an answer to any respectful request from anyone who has even the ordinary right of a citizen to prefer a request or to ask a question. That such conduct was not contemplated by the Trades and Labor Council was shown by the wisdom of its action and the fact that nobody was pleased by the churlish suggestion.

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Those who say that the Citizens' Association did nothing for the good of the city dare not publish in parallel columns the Don agreement as the city passed it and the Don agreement as it was passed after the Citizens' Association and the Board of Trade and the Trades and Labor Council had it revised, after the question was re-opened with the greatest possible difficulty. If the Citizens' Association had been listened to, the enormously expensive high level bridge over the Don would have been built at the expense of the railways, and not largely at the expense of the ratepayers. It is true, as the *News* says, that many of the men who were in the old Citizens' Association are members of the Citizens' Committee organized this year. While there was any fight between the city and the railways they were with the city; now that these fights have been settled they are still with the city, but have no fear of the railways. The *News*, which makes the complaint, when it was a fight between the city and the railway was with the railway, and now that there is no fight between the city and the railway and no favors to gain from the railway, they are with the city machine that has run our municipal affairs and piled up the taxes, and this can and will be clearly shown. There is no use fighting railways and injuring the city's prosperity when there is no dispute in important matters. Now it is the city's duty to favor all railways, as we should favor all commercial and industrial enterprises as much as possible. At this extremity of our affairs if the demagogic advice of the *News* or the landlord's advice of the Ratepayers' Association be followed, it will be the tenant, the poor man, the wage-earner who must suffer most. What we need is not distinctive municipal experience or the desperate economy of large land-owners, it is simply the ordinary economy and good large management of a first-class business man as mayor, assisted by good business men as aldermen.

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DEAR DON.—You are always against monopolies and attempts to unjustly extort money from the citizens, and I wish you would show up the City Directory people who have added a dollar to the already high price of their book. They seem to feel so certain they will have no opposition that they can charge what they like. I am not sure, but I think five dollars is more than is charged anywhere else for a directory such as we have here. BUSINESS.

I am obliged to "Business" for his compliment concerning my opposition to monopolies, but must confess that I am not sure that they are always oppressors of the business of the public. Since Bellamy published his Looking Backward a good many people have been led to inquire whether we find any safety in opposition in such large public affairs as post-office service, telegraph, express and telephone service. Five dollars does seem a good deal for a book containing nothing of any greater literary merit than a list of streets and an alphabetical arrangement of the names of all the people who live here. I have to thank "Business," however, for his letter, as it suggested an interview with the Directory people and what seems to me a very interesting article on how this apparently commonplace business is run. On pages seven I take the liberty of exceeding the space usually allotted to me, by occupying a column or so descriptive of the romance of minding other people's business, prying out where they live, what they do, if they are widows, and other little interesting details which it requires considerable nerve to find out when a canvasser rings the front door bell and asks a series of questions which, were he not the agent of an established business, might introduce him to a broomstick and considerable hard language.

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The elopement of an Elgin county Baptist preacher with a pretty schoolmistress has furnished newspapers with a choice morsel of gossip, and two or three columns did not seem too much to give to this delectable item. It was not only necessary to tell all about the preacher and the school teacher, but the brothers of the erring woman had to be introduced with such full details as must have made them and their families very, very sorry that a morbid appetite encourages such sensationalism.

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So far as I have been able to find out there have been two principal points made by those who have considered this disgraceful episode from a proper attitude of special knowledge. The association of Baptist preachers here have called attention, not for the first nor the hundredth time, to the folly of churches receiving as their pastor unknown men who may be nothing but adventurers. With a congregational discipline such as the Baptists prefer, each church is left to select its own minister. While this is a thoroughly democratic and proper method, it makes it easy for scamps to impose upon rural congregations. Adventurers with a pious twang and readiness of speech are sometimes able to make a congregation believe that God sent them specially to minister to the community, when as a matter of fact they are no better than tramps. A few letters are written to the place where they claim to have resided and good-natured men make evasive replies, not desiring to damage the future of a man who may have excited suspicion but against whom there is no conclusive proof of wrong-doing. Satisfied with this slight evidence of probity, country churches engage these roving rascals and make trouble for themselves and the denomination to which they belong.

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The next point was made by a teacher who wrote a long and able letter to the *World* newspaper. In it he called attention to the fact that the woman and the man were the same age—twenty-six; he being described as thick-lipped and ungainly and having a withered arm, she being a bright and pretty blonde. He maintained that amongst male school teachers a criminal familiarity with the girls in their charge was rare, and that though male school teachers are so numerous sins of this sort are twenty times more frequent amongst preachers. Another point he made was one which has received little consideration in the discussion caused by the lamentable episode at Port Burwell. A woman at twenty-six is older than a man at twenty-six; as a school teacher she knows much of the world. She is described as attractive while he is repulsive, and his spiritual office alone is alleged as a reason for the unaccountable influence he obtained over her. The "teacher" maintains, in an exceedingly mild and sensible way, that she was equally to blame with the man. She knew that he was married, was well acquainted with the moral code, knew the world and was able to make up her mind for herself. She permitted this man to visit her, grew intimate with him, ran away with him, and yet the whole onus of wrong-doing is heaped upon the man.

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I said something last week with regard to the position that a pretty but erring woman occupies. She has all the sympathy of the masculine world. Judges incline to her and juries almost invariably give her a verdict, and mankind generally pronounces that verdict just.

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What are the facts if we go into them dispassionately? Men are not good; as a rule women are very much better, yet we cannot remain oblivious to the fact that women are not always and in every way good. There are instincts in the human family which neither religion nor civilization can eradicate. It is the fashion to speak of such things in a whisper and to deny that an open and proper discussion of them would be conducive to public morality. No matter how we may muffle our tones and disguise our sentiments, it remains a fact that while men are deceivers women are not rare who are willing to be deceived with their eyes open. What holds men faithful? Not matrimonial vows. They are the most fragile bonds. Public opinion fastens their pride, but love only takes hold of their life and makes it above reproach. Education may do much, has done much, but love for a woman, love of a man, love of God, Love, the great law and regenerating influence is the only tie that can be trusted.

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Of course the man was an adventurer. Nobody but a rascal would go into a community as a teacher of religion and morals and make his exit in such a shameful manner. Yet he has not been the first of his class. I know from personal experience there have been a dozen of them within twenty miles of the same church. Further still, I am willing to assert that no preacher who is willing to play the same *role* need be lacking in victims. With no one is it easier than with a spiritual adviser. People generally, and women particularly, make too much of them and permit them to take liberties which would be rebuked in others. With no one is discovery so absolutely certain. His sinfulness lacks undiscoverable opportunity. The dentist, the doctor, the photographer, a score of others that might be enumerated may carry on intrigues with comparatively little danger of exposure, but the preacher when he makes a misstep his fall is certain and the consequences of his sin will be visited upon him and upon everybody connected with him, even his denomination suffering for his lust. Nor can it be said that this is not as it should be. A man who accepts the great office of guiding men and women up to that high plane where the light of God' countenance shall specially shine upon them, must be conspicuous. Any faltering or wandering from the strait and narrow path is certain to be observed, and must be considered a greater sin than if an ordinary member of the community acted in like manner. With the high calling come great responsibilities and one of the greatest of them is the fact that goodness, churches, religion generally shall be judged by the conduct of those who are permitted to occupy conspicuous places. The world is evil, men and women are weak. Sin amongst the worst of us is to be expected; amongst the better class it is not surprising; amongst the good it is taken as proof that everybody is bad. The conclusion that everybody is bad is true enough, but they are not all bad in this way. Nobody is bad in every way; everybody is bad in some way, but those who are bad in a way to make the world believe that goodness and purity do not exist are the wickedest and most harmful of all the people who have been put into this strange world. No one can do so much harm by his evil example as a preacher, consequently as his responsibilities are great and his opportunities to do evil are numerous, and as the temptations afforded by his contact with people are very powerful, no one should select such a high calling without thoroughly understanding his powers of persuasion and resistance, and no one should be permitted to occupy such a place without having gone through a probation satisfactory to men who understand the strange trials and bewildering situations which come to men who are believed in.

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After admitting that men generally and ministers oftentimes are not as good as they should be, the fact remains that Eve tempted Adam some six thousand years ago, and while Adam has not gotten above temptation, Eve has not forgotten her old ways. Where once she is deceitful and knowingly lures weak men into trouble, she is often coquettish, sweetly winsome, exasperatingly tempting without any intention to do evil or to lead men astray, yet when it comes to the time when such things are to be tried in the whirl and swirl of passion and forgetfulness, and the love of women for

The Late W. J. Florence, Actor.

THE HANDSOMEST PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENT IN THE WORLD

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

men and the pursuit by men of women, the something which should anchor the soul to goodness and purity seems lacking, and from the wreck and ruin that result the woman emerges pretty and penitent, the man shame-faced, disgraced. Public opinion denounces the man as a scoundrel, deplores the sad fate of the woman, and in a false and consequently unnatural way persuades the fair sex that while they sometimes may sin, as a rule they are sinned against. In fact this is true, yet in truth when they sin they are most pitied and when they are sinned against they are most shamed. I think it has resulted in often causing women to assume a defenceless and pitiable attitude. The truth about all these things makes womankind stronger. Men are not as bad as they are pictured, nor are women quite as good as they are painted. Some men are very much worse, of course, than any decent man can imagine, and some women so divinely beautiful, so capable of self-sacrifice and indescribable goodness that mankind fail to distinguish and womankind entirely fail to acknowledge the wondrous kinship of a good woman to that pure and lofty being we call an angel. Yet we may as well understand that both sexes have a part to undertake in this world where purity of life is demanded. Both men and women must understand that arbitrary laws have been created which appear to contradict some of the laws of nature, and are intended to hold in restraint lawless passion and the instincts of animal life. These must be obeyed; they should be understood. The result of obedience should be painted in nothing but its true light; the result of disobedience, those who watch the daily newspapers must understand to be sorrow and suffering, publicity and pain, an awful crucifixion of those things that we try to keep private and nurse and care for as the gods of our little sanctuary, the pictures upon which pure kisses fall and are reserved only for the eyes of those who love and are loved and who do not sin against conventionalities and proper laws which have been made, both unwritten and codified, for preserving family life and purity against the onslaughts of those who believe in nothing and refuse nothing except that which they cannot get.

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While women in trouble are so much pitied by newspapers and publicists, and men are fined and made pay damages while lawyers laugh in the ante-room, it cannot be supposed for a moment that this sentiment which is chivalric and a remnant of a superficial politeness of a brutal age which we imagine we have emerged from, is the true sentiment of the community. Women are the greatest disbelievers in women. "Man's inhumanity to man" is nothing as compared with woman's inhumanity to woman, and yet sometimes I think women understand their sex probably just as well as men do, if not better. The man who marries a woman that no woman likes and who is suspected by women, takes great chances, just as the woman who marries a man who is held in contempt or suspicion by his fellowman is taking many chances of marrying a rascal. The main point, however, is that the woman who gets so much pity when she is in trouble is never forgiven, while a man who gets his punishment right at the time if he half behaves himself may be rehabilitated in a twelvemonth. Thus, after all, the weight of woe falls upon the woman, and while she gets a spurious pity at the time she is followed by pitiless pursuers ever afterwards. Those of her own sex gather their skirts together as they pass her by; those who pass for good men dare not be good to her lest they be ostracized, and she is left to the companionship of bad women and bad men, and the world wonders that she is not good.

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It is just as natural for people to be bad as it is for water to run down hill, yet we cannot be natural in this or any other way that I know of. If being natural were to be the law, a man in a passion could kill his neighbor; the poverty stricken would go to the first table and eat and be merry, and not leave the house until the owner's wardrobe had been taken as their own. We are a long way from the period where people may be natural, and the question arises, if we are not natural what shall we be? No one can answer it. One thing alone seems certain, that we must try to appear to be what the majority of people think we ought to be. The highest rule is the one exemplified by Christ and left as His message to us, which in effect is that we should love one another and treat other people as we would like other people to treat us. This is not very hard on the surface, and is full of all the delightful thoughts and results which come from the harboring of the divine spirit and the practicing of unselfishness.

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Sometimes we laugh at our County Council as being a parcel of old leather-heads who ought to be called in, but they do business within their light a great deal better than the City Council does. When they come to vote down a proposition to secure legislation for the selection of high school trustees by a popular vote, they are not in it. They know how hard a thing the popular vote is to catch and how mean they must be in council matters in order to retain it, but high school trustees would be much better than they are now if the people, instead of a political machine or a queer council, had control of it. There are a great many clever men in the County Council and there can be said of it that many of the best men in the county are elected. If this could be said of the City Council how happy we would be, yet the gentlemen from the townships, when they assemble together, should remember that they do not know how to run a high school and several other little affairs with which they have no experience.

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A great deal of fun is poked at those who believe in a gravitation waterworks scheme with Lake Simcoe as a source of supply. For my own part, if I had the millions necessary I should be glad to invest in this enterprise. Power sufficient to turn every wheel in the city of Toronto, to supply factories at ten dollars a horse power per annum, enough to move every street car, to light this city with electricity both in house and street, water enough to irrigate and make beautiful beyond comparison all the land between here and the first fall, water enough to supply every citizen in abundance, a series of parks, residential suburbs and the most beautiful little cataracts, could be established if this gravitation scheme were worked out. I think the power and profit resulting from it would be abundant to pay the cost of at least half the scheme. There is no use pooh-poohing so great and magnificent an enterprise. It is well worth while looking into it.

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At the Laurier banquet at Boston there was no British bunting, no Canadian or British toasts. If Canada were a part of the United States it would still so be; our idols would be broken, our history laughed at, our gods derided, our influence scorned. To the third and fourth generation we would be as the aliens who came in because it was profitable to do so. We would not share in Bunker Hill; we would not be like the Southerner who has a pride in the victories obtained by the rebels in the sixties; we would have no veterans who fought in that war, no part in anything except the tax paying and the contempt of those who would never cease wondering how we could marry an old Mormon like Uncle Sam and have all our children looked upon as illegitimate until so many generations had passed that the bar sinister could be forgotten. DON.

Social and Personal.

Mr. George Bruenech of 32 Bismarck avenue has gone for the winter to Detroit.

*

Mrs. James Robertson and family have removed to No. 17 Spadina road.

*

A nicely arranged programme is announced for next Monday evening, November 30, in Association Hall. The Handel Male Quartette and choir of thirty voices, under the direction of Mr. Chas. Ruse, with Mr. S. H. Clark, elocutionist, are assigned the principal portion of the programme, which will no doubt attract a full house.

*

The engagement of Miss Florence Ellis and Mr. Herbert R. Walker has been announced.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson of 64 Murray street celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage on Friday evening last. Many very handsome and useful presents were received by the happy couple. About forty guests were present and the evening was spent in music and dancing, and at midnight all sat down to a magnificent supper.

*

Mr. J. Enoch Thompson has been called to Geneva by a telegram on account of the illness of Mrs. Thompson. He left on Thursday, *via* New York.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Sweetnam of St. Vincent street were At Home on Saturday evening last to a large number of their friends.

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Mr. and Mrs. Reid have been holding an exhibition of their joint work during the week, which has called forth many admiring comments.

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The French Club (Les Hiboux) will have their first reunion of this season on Saturday evening at 703 Ontario street.

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Miss Edith Complin from London is visiting Mrs. D. H. Parry on Maitland street.

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A pleasant dance was given on Wednesday evening at Carbrook, the residence of Mr. A. H. Campbell, Queen's Park.

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Mrs. Wyld gives an afternoon tea to-day.

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Mrs Osler of Avenue street gave a tea yesterday.

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Mrs. Drayton's tea, which I inadvertently ante-dated a week, takes place this afternoon.

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Mrs. Temple of St. George street gave a tea on Thursday.

*

Sir Edmund and Lady Beers of Yorkshire, England, were in town last week. When he was in the army, Sir Edmund Beers was quartered in Canada, and spent a summer in Toronto some years ago. With his bride he was much dined by old friends last week, and left on Monday for New York on his way back to England.

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Mrs. J. R. Fisken, Queen's Park, gave a very enjoyable progressive euchre party on Thursday evening.

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On Friday last Mrs. Bristol gave an afternoon tea in honor of her sisters, the Misses Armour of Cobourg.

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Mrs. Myles entertained a number of young friends at dinner on Thursday night.

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Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy has issued invitations for a large ball on Friday, December 4.

*

Miss Madeline Fraser is the guest of Mrs. James Crowther, Bloor street west.

*

I hear on very good authority, that on his return from the North-West Mr. Barrington Foote will stay in Toronto for several days and that he will give at least two public concerts here. It is also reported that a popular hostess will give a grand evening *musicale*, at which the famous baritone will be the prominent feature. Mr. Barrington Foote's high social standing in England ensures his being a *persona grata* in Toronto society. His success here socially was as complete as it was artistically.

*

Capt. Walter Smith, R. A., and Mrs. Smith are staying with friends in town. Capt. Smith won great distinction in the last Afghan war, and still suffers from the effects of a sword cut in the shoulder, received in the famous passage of the Khyber Pass.

*

Sir David and Lady Macpherson and Mrs. Meyrick Bankes sailed on Saturday last for England from New York. Sir David and Lady Macpherson have taken a house for the winter at Bournemouth. It is probable that the Hon. Mr. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will reside at Chestnut Park during a portion of the winter, so that the house will not be closed for the whole season.

*

Mrs. J. I. Davidson of St. George street welcomed a large number of guests to an afternoon At Home on Saturday last. Amongst the many guests were Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. and Miss Hugh McDonald, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Temple, Mrs. and the Misses Dawson, the Misses Howland, Messrs. Burritt, Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Beatty, Capt. McLean, Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. and Miss Thorburn, Mr. Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. E. Bristol, Mrs. Myles, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Miss Green, Mrs. Scarth, the Misses Proudfoot, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kay, Mrs. Moffatt, Miss Walker, Mr. Shanly and many others. Some of the costumes worn were very handsome. Mrs. Davidson wore pearl gray bengaline, with feather and steel trimmings; Mrs. Jack Kay, a mauve bengaline with beaver trimming and large hat to match; Mrs. W. H. Beatty, black brocaded satin with bonnet of jet and gold; Miss Bessie McDonald, stylish gown of red trimmed with jet; Miss Maud Beatty, pale green silk with black velvet trimmings and large black hat; Mrs. Jack Hay was in a handsome brown costume; Mrs. Campbell McDonald, in gray with brown and gold bonnet; Miss Green also wore gray with silver braiding.

*

Miss Nellie Macnamara of 109 Alexander street gave a most enjoyable dance on Monday evening last.

*

St Barnabas church, Chester, had a very successful entertainment on November 20th, in aid of its funds. The programme reflected great credit on the manageress, Mrs. Menagh. Several friends from a distance assisted. Miss Roblin's finished style of singing was much appreciated, but her refusal to sing the National Anthem at the close of the evening created some feeling among the loyal audience. Her place was quickly supplied by another lady, however, and God Save the Queen was sung to the echo by all present.

*

Miss Helen Milligan left on Monday for New York.

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Mr. and Mrs. Ffolkes are visiting at Deneside. Mr. Ffolkes is, we are glad to hear, rapidly recovering his strength after his recent long and severe illness. Miss Strachan has returned with them.

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Mr. G. S. Kirkpatrick's many friends will be glad to hear of his appointment in the Bank of Montreal at Kingston, though he will be missed in Toronto society.

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Mr. George Kirkpatrick has been appointed manager of the bank at Edmonton, N. W. T.

*

Mr. Russell Skey of Molson's Bank leaves for a two weeks' vacation next week.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Brimer and Mrs. Thomas Allison leave by the North German Lloyd s.s. Feolda, sailing from New York for Genoa to-day.

*

The members of the Harmony Club met at McConkey's on Wednesday afternoon for a social reunion, at which the prospects of the society as well as a fragrant cup of tea were discussed. Mr. Albert Nordheimer, president of the club, announced that in February Mullocker's opera, The Beggar Student, would be performed, and also conveyed the gratifying information that the club was out of debt and had a surplus in the bank. Mr. Schuch, the musical director of the club, called upon the members to gird themselves for the fray, and attend the first rehearsal at the club rooms this evening. Over fifty new members signed the roll and the club starts this season with most brilliant prospects. Miss Minnie Gaylord sang Becker's Springtide and Mr. Harold Jarvis sang O Prom'se Me, while Mr. Frederic Boscovitz delighted the party with improvisations from themes from the chosen opera.

*

Arthur Friedheim, one of the young German giants on the pianoforte, will give a concert here on Saturday, December 12, when he will be assisted by Mrs. Frank Mackelcan. Herr Friedheim has won recognition all over the European continent, and his American laurels have been generously bestowed, so that music lovers may expect a rare treat.

*

One of the fancies of the fashionable world in the present year has been the flower wedding. Some pure blossom such as white primula, rose, lily of the valley or lilac has furnished the *motif* for decoration, and the wedding is known as a rose wedding, or what-ever the chosen blossom may be. An instance, at once beautiful and seasonable, was given of this fashion at the marriage of Mr. Fred W. Burritt and Miss Ethel Horrocks. The ceremony, which took place in St. Luke's church on Wednesday and was witnessed by a large number of friends, was performed by the Rev. Dr. Langtry. The bridal gown was of white surah, trimmed with a foot ruche of fringed surah, the bodice veiled with *chiffon*, with Medici collar and confined by bands of pearls. The flowers were white chrysanthemums, and the bridal veil a plain square of tulle. Miss Bunting, cousin of the bride, was maid of honor. She wore a most becoming white cashmere gown and white beaver hat and feathers, and carried a chrysanthemum bouquet with pink ribbons. Little Miss Kathleen and Miss Elsie Riordan were the bridesmaids and wore quaint Greenaway frocks, large hats and bouquets of the chosen flowers. The floral decorations were white chrysanthemums. Mr. Ernest Campbell was best man. A reception was held at Woodlawn, the residence of Mrs. Riordan, aunt of the bride, in Queen's park, after which Mr. and Mrs. Burritt took the afternoon train west, *en route* for Denver, Colorado, where they will make their home. The bridal gifts were unusually handsome, largely consisting of cheques of considerable value. A lady in commenting upon this very charming wedding dwelt delightedly on the graceful manner in which the bridegroom raised the bride's veil for the usual post nuptial salute, this being generally a most nervous and ungraceful act on the part of the ordinary bridegroom.

*

A good programme and dainty fare was provided by the committee in charge of the concert for the Aged Woman's Home on Lakeview avenue, on Tuesday evening. A number of waitresses in Swiss costume dispensed all kinds of toothsome and tempting goodies to the crowd of visitors who were altogether too many for the narrow confines of the concert hall. Mrs. Caldwell sang sweetly, although evidently not in health, and Mrs. Huycke Garrel's mellow and rich contralto was a welcome addition to the programme. It is out of my province to criticize musically, but I must say I was much delighted by the singing as well as the very gracious stage presence of the last named lady. She is destined, I think, to be a much appreciated musical acquisition to Toronto.

*

The Extension Lecture at Trinity College on Saturday was, as usual, attended by a very select crowd of Toronto's nice people.

*

The Board of Management of the Haven held a very successful annual meeting last week.

*

Madame George Coutellier, wife of the principal of the Ingres-Coutellier schools, has come to reside in Toronto. This lady comes direct from the capital, and is a true Parisienne.

*

The teachers of the Ingres-Coutellier school try by every means possible to instruct and at the same time interest their pupils. Every Saturday at half-past ten o'clock Herr Friedewald will read one or two acts of some modern German drama; at a quarter past eleven o'clock M. Coutellier will read part of a French drama. To-day the chosen pieces will be: French, Le gendre de M. Poirier, by Emile Angier and Jules Sandeau; German, Der Kosnigsleu Tenant, by Karl Gutzkow, without charge to pupils, who have besides the right to bring two friends.

*

Another pleasing tribute to Mesdames Bendelari and Drayton took the form of a presentation through the secretary, from the Board of the Infants' Home, of two elegant silver and gold souvenir spoons. The name, "Ben Hur" and the date of the performance of that spectacle are engraved upon the handles.

*

On Tuesday evening a delightful reunion of the city's artists and their friends was held in the O. S. A. rooms, King street west. Music was furnished by Signor Rubini, Mrs. Wright and Miss Milliken, and Mr. O. A. Howland read an interesting paper on The Advancement of Art in Ontario. Among those present were the Misses Beatty, Miss Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Ellis, Mrs. Corby, Miss Diamond, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Mercer Adam, and among the artists were noticed Messrs. O. R. Jacobi, President of the Royal Canadian Academy, R. F. Gagen, James Smith, J. W. L. Forster, F. L. Foster and Wm. Wilkinson. The chair was ably filled by Mr. W. A. Sherwood, whose zeal contributed greatly to the success of this first of a series of such evenings. The next reunion will be on December 17, when Mr. Sherwood will give an address on The National Spirit in Art.

Her Maiden Name.

"It's an old trick of the trade with novelists to tell how young women, when in love, never fail at a certain juncture to double-lock their room-doors, and with many flushes and heart-beatings write down their Christian name coupled with the surname of the man whom they have promised or hope to marry," commented a young married woman lately wedded to a fine man of her choice. "I suppose it is the way with many sentimental girls, though I never did it myself; instead, I underwent a very different emotion, of which I don't think men have any comprehension, but which I find is not peculiar in my case. I mean grief at having to give up one's maiden name. All the time I was engaged I never took any thought for the day on which I was to drop my own nice surname and title, for which I had such a deep affection, and be addressed by my family, my friends, and people to whom I was introduced by an entirely different one. For the first week after my marriage, even, I scarcely noticed the change, but one day there suddenly came over me a curious little lonesome feeling. It seemed so chilly and formal, so unlike myself to be addressed as 'Mrs.' at every hand, and never to hear my own dear, original name. The more I thought over the matter, the more despairing I became. Never, never could I hear the old familiar 'Miss' when any one spoke to me. Thereupon I actually locked myself in my room and wept so long and bitterly from pure namesickness that my husband besought me tearfully, through the key-hole, to tell him what was wrong. He was very much hurt when I first explained the cause of my grief, but when I brought him to a realization of my loss, he grew sympathetic, and do you know, for a long time he called me by my maiden name. That wore off with the honeymoon, however, but even to this day I think sadly of my lost name."

Met Death Calmly.

Brown—Yes, he was a brave man—one who could meet death without b'anching.

Fogg—I see; the gentleman was in the undertaking profession, I presume; or was he only a doctor?

More Mucilage in It.

Gushing Young Friend—Which do you like the most—dolly or me?

The Precocious Child—Well, dolly's red cheeks don't come off on my clean pinafore like yours and mamma's, so I s'pose I'd rather kiss dolly.

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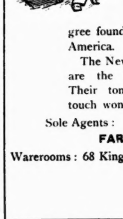

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Facts and Fancies.

"A DISHEVELLED black turkey," is what a sarcastic English fashion writer calls a *coque* feather boa, worn by a tall, pale visitor at the Art Gallery. And this nerves me to say what has been on my tongue's tip for a long time: that black feather boas are not pretty or becoming. The soft rich fur in black or white or brown is both cosy and handsome; the cream feather boas are also becoming, but those spikey black things are not. The last one I noticed would have been an insult even to a dishevelled black turkey, and especially about Thanksgiving time. It spiked and poked and bristled round a sharp chin, large ears and wispy hair, and looked as if it were all of a piece with the rest of the homeliness.

•

I have been ordered to make sundry inquiries and experiments with the Jenness Miller Health Corset and its sister, the Equipoise Waist, and to declare my opinions thereupon. Well, in the first place, they are very comfortable, the J. M. waist giving you the feeling of gentle support and cosiness without the stiffness of the boned corset. I have not found a perfect fit yet, all the Jenness Miller waists being apparently modeled on Boston women of the angular and flat persuasion, but I am comforted by the promise of a made-to-order waist which will give me room for chest expansion and to spare. Lady Gay is in love with a black waist, which is eminently suited to climbing hills on a bicycle, as it is at once yielding and supporting. No doubt those ladies who longed for such a garment last summer will invest in one next spring. Our lady physicians who have both theory and experience not only wear the health corset, Jenness Miller waist or some other Delsartean and sensible innovation, but order such for their patients, as being a means of securing the most comfort with the least drawback in the way of a confining and restricting corset.

•

The American Corset and Dress Reform Company, who are introducing these new garments in Toronto, guarantee a perfect fit, when made to their measurements, and I was bewildered with the variety and beauty of the various styles they showed me—satin, silk, jean, coutille, thick and thin, plain and fancy; in I think over half a hundred different patterns and designs are the waists they manufacture. One can have a very serviceable and perfectly finished waist, with a front hem into which a busk may be slipped if desired, for two or three dollars, or maybe it was midway between the two. I am so pleased with these waists, especially for growing girls and weakly or old people, that I can heartily recommend them to my readers, and for further information would direct them to the advertising columns of this page.

•

I saw a peculiar little *chapeau* the other day, in the fashionable fawn and brown, wh'ch had one brim raised, and under it a couple of birds with long tails and folded wings were thrust under straps of plush or velvet loopings. The birdies were so natural and their position so uncomfortable that one looked to see them struggle out and leave the pretty hat bare.

•

Although occasionally odd colors are noted in gloves, still the various tans and gray shades, as well as the white and the black, are really the ones worn. Though pink, blue or deep yellow may match a costume, it is not in good taste to wear them.

•

If one wishes to be economical and freshen up black satin slippers; it can be easily done by covering them entirely with finely cut jet beads. Sew each one on separately and then they will not be likely to come off. Another very pretty way of concealing the ravages of time on slippers is to have a huge gauze rosette, made very puffy, standing up well and high from the slipper and in this way accomplishing two things—that is, the instep is made to look higher and the grayish look of the satin is completely hidden.

•

The gold girdles, that is, those of wide galloon and having on them a deep gold buckle, will be worn all winter. They are not expensive and will look well with a cashmere or black stuff dress of any sort.

•

Very young girls who are permitted to go to informal parties usually have plain skirts of light silk, or nuns' veiling, finished around the bottom with a festooning of *crepe de chine*. The bodice is a draped one, and should always be high at the neck and long in the sleeves. The Valois sleeves, that come in a point down over the hands, will be found most becoming, as young girls are apt to be slender of arm and a little awkward of hand.

•

It was on a cold blustering afternoon at a fashionable reception last week when I noticed a deep, glowing, red, demi-trained bell skirt, with a shining border of black fur, and a like finish down the front of the plain long coat bodice, and on the high flaring collar and cuffs. The effect was so warm and r'ch, and the large black hat and graceful ostrich plumes were so stately, and the fresh peachy face of the woman who wore this delightful toilette was so bright with smiles that she seemed to shed an atmosphere of cosy comfort and summer sunshine about her. Close by her was a tall woman in hunter's green, braided with an intricate and beautiful design in black and gold, and a green velvet pork-pie hat, with the dress design repeated in braiding on the crown, and a handsome pyramid of black and green tips flecked with little gold spangles reared up coquettishly at the extreme back. Both these new gowns were admirable in cut and garniture and just suited the chilly, windy weather.

•

A clever woman doctor in a sensible and thoughtful article in one of this month's fashion books gives sundry facts and figures about women's clothing, pointing out that the cause of a good deal of disease and discomfort is the uneven distribution of clothing. In a summary, which is rather surprising, she piles up thirteen thicknesses of clothing over some parts of the body and only one or two over others, and asserts that this uneven distribution produces defective circulation in the extremities and over heated and congestion elsewhere. I know that hoops, though weighty, were healthy, and wire bustles took away the backache which pads had brought on, and on this knowledge I am much impressed with the lady doctor's talk.

LA MODE.

Cause for Double Thanks.

Barney O'Hoolihan (as he lands)—Tank God, th' v'yage is over!

Larry O'Donegail—And yoursilf, begorra!

Around the World.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, having met with so much success last winter in their "Around the World" excursions, have just completed arrangements with the Peninsular & Oriental S. N. Co. and the fast steamship lines on the Trans-Atlantic route to run these "Around the World" excursions at the rate of $610. This rate will apply in either direction, and for slight additional cost variation can be made in the route to travel over India, Egypt and Continental Europe. For further particulars apply to W. R. Callaway, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

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Damask tablecloths, 7-4, $1, $1.20
Damask tablecloths, 8-4, $1 20, $1 35.
Damask tablecloths, 8 10, $2, $2 50.

Along with these are table napkins. They'll satisfy.

Table napkins, 5-8, 50c., 60c. doz.
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THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER XIX.

MONS. DE FEURGET DESIRES A SON-IN-LAW.

Three days, three long, dreary days, and no news of Bernard. He has not been to see me, he has not even sent a message. Each morning I have said to myself to-day he will come, and I have risen with a light heart, and—why should I not confess it!—have dressed myself in his favorite gown, and I have wa'ked restlessly backwards and forwards to the gate, or sat out on the balcony, watching, and the day has passed and he has not come. Ah! how dreary the long, miserable hours have seemed.

What can it mean—this silence? What can be the reason of it? Were those few minutes on the balcony only a sweet dream, a vision, a freak of the imagination? How idle to ask it! Are not my lips still burning with the fire of that long kiss, and are not his passionate words still ringing in my ears like the deep throbbing refrain of some wild music? I cannot even think of him—even the luxury—without feeling again some faint remembrance of that exquisite thrill of happiness which passed through me like lightning when I knew that he loved me, and I felt myself clasped for one short moment in his arms. He loves me! What happiness! I know that he does, and yet—why does he not come to me? Oh! why does he not come!

Something must have happened to him! I know he. He would never treat me like this without a word or a message, after what has passed between us. Oh, it is wrong of him—unkind to keep me in this suspense! Why does he not come?

Our little household is quite disorganized. Not only am I in a state of mind bordering upon distraction, but there is something more than usually strange about my father's behavior also. Strange to say, too, his disquietude seems to proceed from the same cause as mine—Lord Alceston's disappearance. I am more than ever convinced that the secret trouble, which seems to be wearing out his life, and of which I dare not speak to him, is in some way connected with Bernard's appearance here. During the last few days things seem to have been coming to a climax with him, and he has seemed as if he were going out of his mind. I know that he has been going down to the hotel where Bernard stayed, continually trying to find him, but, alas! he has never succeeded! What does he want with him? He can know nothing yet.

My father has just returned from another fruitless visit to the hotel, and he has brought with him an old man, a servant of Lord Alceston, who has just come from England to him. They went straight into the library and were talking together for a long time. Then I went down to see if there was any news, for I could bear the suspense no longer. I didn't like the look of the old man at all. He stared at me as though I were something to be frightened a', and I'm not, I'm sure. He has never seen me but once, and I don't think I'm so ugly. He can tell us nothing. It seems Bernard left the hotel suddenly, without saying where he was going, three days ago. What can have become of him? Ah! that I only knew.

Mr. Carlyon called yesterday, and as he saw me at the window and came straight in, I was compelled to see him, though I could scarcely keep still for nervousness. He knows no more than any of us what has become of his cousin. I tried to frighten him by suggesting all sorts of serious things which might have happened, hoping he might go in search of him. But he only laughed at me.

"Bernard's all right," he declared. "He knows how to take care of himself and besides he's awfully fond of these mysterious disappearances. Goes in for them regularly, you know, when he's bored, and saves all the bother of saying good-bye."

Was he bored here? I wonder. I think not. I had a great mind to tell Mr. Carlyon, but he looked so moody and different from his usual self that I scarcely liked to. And then perhaps Bernard would not have liked it.

My father knows everything. I could not help telling him. He came in a fly when I was in tears, I am afraid, and I could not see no kindly and yet so eagerly that I could keep it to myself no longer. Even when I was faltering it all out to him, I could hardly help noticing how ill he looked. His face is worn and thin, and yet his eyes are bright. He looks as though he were suffering from some great suppressed excitement.

When I had told him I felt better. He was walking restlessly up and down the room, muttering to himself, and with strange flashes of light coming and going in his luminous dark eyes. For a long time he made no remark; it seemed almost as if my story had fallen upon deaf ears. But I knew that it was not so. "*Mon pere*, you are not angry!" I said after a while. "This does not displease you!"

"Angry!" He stopped and opposite my chair, and his voice was shaking with feverish emotion. "Marie, nothing else in the world would be so welcome to me as this. Nothing else could bring me so much peace. God grant that it may come to pass!"

I looked at him wonderingly. It was a rare thing to see him so much moved. What could it mean?

"Are you so anxious then to get rid of me, mon pere?" I asked laughingly.

"It is not that, child," he cried with a sudden vigour in his tone. "I owe Lord Alceston a debt which I can never pay. I have sinned against him, and my hand cannot undo what it has done. Through you alone can I make reparation. Remember this, and if he comes for you be a good wife to him all your life, and your father will bless you."

"Does he know of this debt?" I asked.

"Not now; but he will. When I die he will know, and that will be soon—very soon."

He turned away, and left me without another word . . . .

In about an hour's time he sent for me again into the library. I went hurriedly, hoping to hear news of Bernard. But he never even mentioned his name, nor did he refer to his strange words to me in our recent conversation. He commenced talking calmly about something else.

"You remember what I told you about Monsieur D'Aubron and Mr. Carlyon on the night of their first visit here!" he said.

I nodded assent.

"About Monsieur D'Aubron playing cards so much and being a bad companion for Mr. Carlyon."

"Yes! Well, I find that I was right. Things have turned out very much as I expected. Carlyon has been led on by D'Aubron to play cards night after night, giving I O.U.'s always in payment—for of course poor Carlyon always lost after the first night or two. Now the crisis has come. Monsieur D'Aubron has dropped some pretty plain hints that he would like some of the I.O.U.'s taken up, and Carlyon, who has already exceeded his quarter's allowance, is almost beside himself. I heard about it at the Casino reading-room this morning, and I went to see Carlyon at once."

"And has Mr. Brown been doing?" I asked. "He is supposed to be looking after Mr. Carlyon is he not?"

"That is one of the worst features of the whole matter. Mr. Brown himself has been led on to play by that artful scoundrel, and he himself is deeply involved. In fact, both he and Carlyon are ruined unless something can be done."

I remember how pale and distrait Arthur Carlyon had seemed, and I felt a moment's remorse for the selfishness of my own grief.

"Can nothing be done?" I asked. "That D'Aubron ought to be punished."

"There is just one hope," my father continued, thoughtfully. "I remember many years ago a somewhat similar case, of which I was a witness, and which has given me an idea with regard to Carlyon's trouble."

"Do you think that Monsieur D'Aubron has played fairly?" I asked.

My father looked doubtful.

"I cannot say, but I am going to try and find out."

"How!"

"They are both coming here this evening, and after I had asked D'Au ron I said that I feared he had found it dull on his previous visit, and told him that I he cared to bring a pack of cards up with him we might have a quiet hand of whist. He fell in with it at once and I have no doubt that he will do so. I shall watch the game closely, and of course if I see the slightest sign of unfair play I shall know how to act."

"Does Mr. Carlyon know?"

"Yes, of course, I told him. A most unsuspecting boy he is! D'Aubron has made a complete fool of him. When I suggested this hand at first he was quite indignant. Even now that he has consented to it, he laughs at the idea of there being any unfairness in D'Aubron's play. But we shall see."

Monsieur D'Aubron, Mr. Carlyon and Mr. Brown have arrived together. I have pleaded indisposition, and have seen nothing of them. I could not bear it.

They have finished dinner, and I can hear their voices in the library. I know that they are all talking, even my father, and his voice is usually so low. Now they are quieter. I suppose that they have begun to play cards. I wonder whether I could creep out to listen. For three nights I have had no sleep, and there are dark rims under my eyes, and I fancy that I am growing thinner. Oh, Bernard, Bernard, it is all your fault, my love, my love.

I am going to my room to try and sleep. I am afraid that it will be no use, for my temples are burning, and my brain seems on fire. Will he come to-night, I wonder. My father says that he will, but how does he know? He cannot know. He says it only to console me. My eyes are faint, and my heart is sick with watching. I will watch no longer, or I shall go mad. Good-night, Bernard, my love, good-night. I may not call you by your name I can at least write it. Good-night, my love.

CHAPTER XX.

NEILLSON IS SUSPICIOUS.

Mystery seems only to lead on to mystery. I am in a hopeless maze, groping about in vain for a clue. I have discovered strange things, but they are like an unpieced puzzle in my hands. I cannot put them together. I cannot see to what they lead.

Who was the woman who ordered that bracelet at Mons. Rouzet's, in Paris? What was her object? And how did she know where the former ones had been made? I try to answer these questions to myself, but I cannot. My brain swims when I attempt it. I can see only one step before me—to verify the death certificate of Mademoiselle Cecile. True, she herself has confessed it to be forged; still it would be a satisfaction to discover by what means she obtained it, and perhaps something as to the manner of her life whilst she was in this country.

Even this now seems difficult. On leaving Paris I came straight here in search of my master, not doubting but that he had with him the certificate. How changed I must be! At first he did not know me. He looked at me in a dazed, almost horrified manner, as though I were some spectre risen up from the dead. Can I wonder at it, when I look in the glass and see my wrinkled face and snow-white hair! Ah, me. Shall I live, I wonder, to see this awful shadow roll away? God grant it! God grant that I may think again of my poor master because I die, as for more than thirty years I have thought of him—noble-hearted, brave and generous.

Inactivity is the one thing which in my state of mind is hardest to bear, and it is just what I am doomed to now. The sudden shock of seeing my poor young master again so much altered, and the disappointment of hearing that the certificate was irretrievably lost, made me feel dizzy and faint for a while. When I recovered from it I could hardly see what I hastily scrawled line or two for me, saying that he would be away no longer than three days, and that I was to wait here for him. No word as to where he had gone, or with what purpose. Can anything have occurred to him! Is he making any search, I wonder! I fear not—and yet I have dim hopes. Even the faint possibility of some light being thrown upon the events of that awful night is better than the utter weary despair of that awful time when I lay hidden in Clanavon tower within human sound or voice day after day to break the cruel, pitiless monotony; nothing but the far distant roar of the Atlantic and the harsh shrieking of the sea gulls circling around. I had almost reached the limits of human endurance, but I stayed on there, by the time at which would have been over. I should have bidden farewell to memory and reason alike, either as a hopeless lunatic or by the aid of death. God grant that it might have been the latter. . . . . .

I am alone here, at this half empty hotel, waiting and My master has disappeared—where, no one knows, and for what purpose I can only vaguely guess. A strange thing has happened. A visitor has first called to see my master, and has been referred to me. I was walking up and down the room, half beside myself with fear and distracted with doubts and conflicting thoughts, when he entered. I looked up, and saw a face which seemed somewhat familiar. The servant mentioned his name, and I recognized him at once. It was Monsieur de Feurget!

It was a shock to me, but it was at least as great a one for him. He put his hand to his side, as though he had a sudden pain there, and looked at me wildly.

"Neillson," he exclaimed in a low, disturbed tone, "you here, and Mademoiselle Marie!"

"Yes, mon-sieur," I answered simply.

"I—I thought—"

"You thought that I was in hiding," I interrupted.

"Yes; has anyone else been accused? I understood that there was a warrant."

"Some one was, I suppose. But I have convinced my master of my innocence, and I am not afraid of capture. You will not betray me!"

"Of course not; of course I shall not. It is no business of mine."

It seemed like a repetition of many years ago. Monsieur de Feurget seeks my master—seeks my master—seeks him almost as eagerly as I do myself. What does that mean? What can he want with him?

I gather from Monsieur de Feurget's appearance that he has grown old before his time, and that he has aged much. He is evidently very nervous, for this sudden meeting with me seems to have upset him completely. He looks at me in a strange, dazed sort of a way, as though he were afraid of me, and I can see his limbs shaking. Why should my presence have such an effect upon him? It puzzles me.

He stayed for more than an hour talking aimlessly, and looking often towards the door, as though he hoped my master would come. When he rose to go, he professed to take pity upon my loneliness and ill-health, and offered to take me with him to his home. I was on the point of refusing when I changed my mind. I did not understand Monsieur de Feurget's agitation at seeing me, or his anxiety to see my master. Recent events have made me suspicious. What I do not understand I suspect. I decided to go with Monsieur de Feurget.

On the way there we spoke only a few words, but when we arrived at Monsieur de Feurget's villa I had a shock. It was the old home of Monsieur D'Augerville and his daughters, which, alas! I had known so well. Had I known before I started, I doubt whether I should have come, for the place has odious memories for me. But it was too late to draw back.

There was another surprise for me. We met his daughter in the garden, and when I saw her I had to stop and gasp for breath. She was no like Mademoiselle Cecile that at first I thought that it was all a dream—a nightmare, and that my erring memory was casting up pictures of what had happened so long ago. But in my waking dream, and wide-awake I saw that this young lady was sweeter-looking even than Mademoiselle Cecile, more English like. Then I felt came to me in a flash. I remembered that Monsieur de Feurget had been engaged to marry Mademoiselle Cecile's sister, Marie. I asked after her, and he answered me strangely, almost roughly. She was dead, he said. I dare say that it was not a very happy marriage. Once or twice it occurred to me in those days that she seemed to care more for my master than for this man. Perhaps it was so. Yes; I dare say it was not a happy marriage. He has as though he had known nothing but trouble all his life. It seems in the air, too. Mademoiselle, she, too, looks anxious and unhappy.

To-night my meeting with my master is strange. He asked many questions about him, curious questions, too, and he has tried to get me to talk about him all night; but I cannot.

In the afternoon I prepared to take my leave, but Monsieur de Feurget would not permit it. I must stop there, he said, instead of going back to the hotel. At first I refused, but I changed my mind. Monsieur de Feurget's manner seemed to me to grow more and more strange and nervous. He was like a man dazed, as though he had some fierce trouble hanging always over him. There in another thing which perplexes me. He keeps recurring to that awful subject, although I beg him not to talk of it. It seems to possess a sort of morbid fascination for him. I have watched him, and I have noticed the feverish anxiety with which he listens for my answers. It is very strange. I shall watch Monsieur de Feurget.

Tonight we sat down to some gentlemen arrived dressed for dinner, and my host had to leave me for a time. While he was engaged with them I slipped quietly away upstairs and down to the hotel to inquire about my master. He had not returned, nor had anything been heard of him. I had made up my mind that as Monsieur de Feurget had guests I would stay at the hotel, and not return to the villa that night. But when I tried to settle down there I found it impossible. I was restless and ill at ease. Some vague instinct—a sense that something was happening there—kept my thoughts fixed upon Monsieur de Feurget and the villa upon the cliffs. Constantly I felt urged to return at once, and at last I yielded. I slipped quietly, out of the hotel, for it was late—past midnight, and crept along the winding path bordered with rhododendrons to the villa.

(To be Continued.)

Early Canadian Days.

Quaintness marked the French *regime* in Canada.

Father Dablon was at Quebec, in 1665, during the social reign of the Marquis Denonville. At this period sundry comedies were enacted, under no less distinguished patronage than that of Frontenac, the governor. The good Jesuit Dablon attacked such profligacy in a violent sermon. Some balls were given, too, and these did Laval denounce with equal vigor. The subject of female apparel engaged the anxious attention of Bishop Laval. He issued a number of pastoral mandates concerning it.

The severest denunciations were aimed at low-necked dresses, which were regarded as favorite devices of the enemy for the snaring of souls; and they also used strong language against certain knots of ribbons, and fore-tangles, with wh'ch the belles of Quebec adorned their heads. Laval launches strenuous forefi dies, as for more than thirty years I have thought of him—noble-hearted, brave and generous.

against the "unscrupulous women and girls, who, forgetting the promises of their baptism, decorate themselves with the pomp of Satan, whom they take so solemnly renounced, and, in their wish to please the eyes of men, make themselves the instruments and captives of the fiend."

It is amusing to remark that the Catholic fathers in Canada bullied their flocks quite as frightfully as the "orthodox" clergy did in neighboring New England. The curve, it seems, went the rounds and compelled women and girls to shut themselves up in their houses at nine o'clock on summer evenings, forbade the wearing of lace, and refused the communion to women of quality who wore fontanges. The seminarists of Montreal built a house to shut up, as they said, the girls who caused scandal, but M. de Frontenac interfered. They pulled off the masks of masqueraders and overwhelmed them with abuse, and prohibited and burned all books of those days. Meanwhile, Co, when La Houtan found that a priest had invaded his quarters and torn all the leaves of a romance of Petronius, that "unscrupulous field officer" was exceeding wroth, "so that," he writes, "if my host had not restrained me when I came in, and saw the miserable wretch I should have run after this rampant shepherd and torn out every hair of his beard."

But his majesty's governors were not disposed to put up with everything from the ecclesiastics. Thus one day Courcelle saw the venerable Jesuit Chatelain on his way to the waterfront, and he sent a sergeant to him to request that he annoy the people less. "Go and tell Monsieur de Courcelle," replied the priest, "that I have been there since he was governor, and that I shall go there after he has ceased to be governor," and pursued his way. But for this frowardness of heart and speech the priest had to beg pardon of the offended governor on his knees.

The Church produced her saints, some of them unacknowled to th's day. Of these was Madeno'selle Jeanne Le Ber. She gave herself to God to that degree that when her mother was dying he refused to see her; and long after, in response to the prayers of her dying father, she refused to leave her cell to draw her from her cell. "In the person of this modest virgin," writes her reverend eulogist, quoted by Parkman, "we see with astonishment the love of God triumphant over earthly affection for parents, and a complete victory of faith over reason, and of grace over nature." When, in 1711, Canada was threatened with invasion by the English, they suffered a ruinous shipwreck, ascribed to the prayers of Jeanne Le Ber. "It was," writes the Sulpician Belmont, "the greatest miracle that ever happened since the days of Moses." She herself declared that "from the hour she had broken her spinning wheel, an angel came and mended it for her. Angels also assisted in her embroidery; "no doubt," says Mo her Jucherean, "taking great pleasure in thus to see any of this angelic structure." In the church where she had secluded herself an image of the virgin continued after her death to heal the lame and cure the blind.

One of the strange features of Canada under this old *regime*, a new country where a good farm could be had for the asking, was that it swarmed with beggars. They got to be such a nuisance that vagabonds of both sexes were ordered to leave Quebec. Denonville says: "The principal reason of the poverty of this country is the idleness and bad conduct of most of the people. The greater part of the women, including all the *demoiselles*, are very lazy."—*Illustrated American.*

A Profession for Boys.

When Walter Besant wrote his most famous book, All Sorts and Conditions of Men, that was the first inspiration of the great People's Palace in London, propositions for the establishment of industrial schools for the poor of all ages and both sexes agitated the active British tongue and brain. Industrial schools, according to the thinking of every philanthropical matron and squire, are destined to be the salvation of that great unfortunate mass of humanity, the British poor. Down south very splendid results have rewarded benevolent founders and patronesses. In the little town of Ascot, a number of boys are employed under the supervision of a most wise and clever benefactress, Mrs. Thornton, in the manufacturing of the wonderfully popular wrought iron work. So proficient have these earnest young workmen become, that, through Mrs. Thornton's influence and energy, they were commissioned to furnish hanging lights for the little church.

How well they acquitted themselves of the task is proven by the admiration all visitors express for the great, b'ack-iron brackets, formed of delicate scroll work, which, fastened high on the church wall, suspend over the pews and reading-desks lamps of black iron modelled on artistic and appropriate patterns. From their work-shop are sent out numbers of the quaint little bedroom night-lights used in every English house. One of the prettiest of these has a delicate iron bracket to be fastened with screws on the wall; and suspended from the bracket, on a chain, is a tiny rose-colored glass lantern into which a taper is introduced to shed a modest rosy glow over a quiet nursery.

At the Funeral.

"What did she die of?"

"She overloaded her stummick with turkey an' mince pie on Thanksgivin'!"

"Oh, what a loverly death—how I envy's her corpse!"

At the Club.

Gay Bachelor—Do you think there is anything in the theory that married men live longer than unmarried ones?

Henpecked Friend (wearily)—Oh, I don't know—seems longer.

Very Simple.

"I can't understand why a war between Russia and England should affect the stock market."

"Simple enough. The stock market fluctuates according to rows between bulls and bears."

Be With Us.

First Cockroach—I wish I knew what to do this afternoon.

Second Cockroach—Come around to my five-o'clock insect powder.

A Cold Thrust.

He—Don't you think it is wrong for people to marry their intellectual inferiors?

She—Yes; and always wrong, and in some cases quite impossible.

Bus'ness!

Comedian—I've had news for you, old man; our leading lady, your wife, has eloped with the bill poster.

Manager—Horrible! How are we ever to get that next town billed?

A Bad Mistake.

"Has she a true sense of humor!"

"No. Why, she's the girl who was married for fun at Lenox."

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katherine by the Tower, by Walter Besant, The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; in the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

Not in Stock.

Fair Customer—I live in the suburbs and I want a good house dog.

Dealer—Yes, mum.

"But, of course, I don't want one that will keep us awake all night barking at nothing."

"No, mum."

"He must be b'g and strong and fierce, you know."

"Yes, mum."

"Yes as gentle as a lamb with us, you know."

"Yes, mum."

"And he must pounce on every tramp that comes along and drive him off."

"Yes, mum."

"But he mustn't interfere with any poor but honest man looking for work."

"No, mum."

"If a burglar comes prowling about at night, the dog should make mincemeat of him in an instant."

"Yes, mum."

"But he mustn't attack a neighbor who drops in for an evening call."

"No, mum."

"And of course he mustn't molest people who come hurrying in at all hours of the night to call my husband. He's a doctor, you know."

"No, mum. I see what you want. You want a thought reader dog."

"Yes, I suppose so. Can you send me one?"

"Very sorry, mum, but I'm just out of that kind."

The best way is to try it, for you would never believe that it could do half the things claimed. Use Lessive Phenix, and don't use soap in boiling clothes. Use Lessive Phenix, and you needn't have a stain or a particle of dirt on wood, or metal, or brass or silverwear.

How the Office Boy Saved the Editor.

The paper had said something he didn't like and he was going to see the editor about it and thump the stuffing out of him, so he said. At the foot of the stairs leading to the den he found a small boy, who blocked his way.

"Is the editor in?" he inquired, roughly.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, politely.

"Can I see him!"

"I s'pose so, sir."

"Well, I want to. Do I go up this way?"

"Are you Mr. Johnson?" inquired the boy, with evident personal interest.

"Yes, I am."

"The same that the paper give it to in the neck!"

"Yes. What's that to you!"

"Nothing much, Mr. Johnson, but I'm your friend."

"No, you don't say!" said the visitor sarcastically surveying him. "Well, let me go on up and talk, you'll you!"

"Cert, Mr. Johnson, but before you go into the editor's room you look in the corner by the door and git a dray pin set in there. I put it where you could git it easy. You see the editor is lookin' for you and he's got a big hoss pistol in his drawer and a hatchet layin' on his desk, and when I see them preparations I jist thought it was a shame fer the editor to go fer a man in his old paper and use a hatchet on him besides without givin' him some sort of a show. I ain't nobody but an office boy, but I know what justice is as well as if I was President of the United States. Go right on up, but go easy. The dray pin is in the left-hand corner."

And the man didn't go up.

Excursion to Washington, D.C., on Nov. 23 via Erie & Lehigh Valley Railways.

Save ten silver dollars and have the finest holiday trip of the season. Just imagine, only costing ten dollars for the round trip from Suspension Bridge to Washington, and don't miss visiting the grand old cities in close proximity to Washington, tickets good to return up to December 3, inclusive. Tickets will be on sale at Suspension Bridge. Train will leave at 4.40 p.m. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

Profit.

S hool Teacher—Bobby, you may define 'profit.'

Bobby (whose father is a druggist)—Four hundred per cent.

New Mexico for Consumptives.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT TO THE AMERICAN HEALTH RESORT ASSOCIATION.

"I think New Mexico surpasses any locality for consumptives I have yet visited, and I have been all over California, Colorado and the South, Sandwich Islands and Europe."

J. F. DANTER, M. D.
M. C. P. and S., Ont.

Near Enough.

Mrs. Bingo—I was getting off the car to-day when my gown came near being caught.

Bingo—Was it caught?

Mrs. Bingo—Not exactly; but I guess I shall have to have a new one.

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Sarah Geake's Prayer.

Has olim exvisa mihi perfi lus ille reliquit,
Pignora cara nei: quæ nunc ego limina tango,
Terra, tibi mando; debent hæ pignora Daphnin—
Dulcis ab urbe domum, mea carmina, dulcis Daphnin.

I knew the superstition lingered along the country side, and I was sworn to find it. Like a shy and rare flower, it eluded search. The laborers and their wives smoothed all intelligence out of their faces as soon as I began to hint at it. But such is the way of them. They were my good friends, but had no mind to help me in this. Nobody who has not lived long with them can divine the number of unuttered and incommunicable mysteries and racial secrets chambered in their inner hearts and guarded by their hospitable faces. The elame the Celt withholds from the Saxon, and when he dies they are buried with him.

A chance word or two of my old nurse, by chance caught in some country of a child's memory and recovered after many days, told me that the charm was still practiced by the woman folk—or had been practiced not long before her death. So I began to hunt for it, and, almost as soon, to believe the search hopeless. The new generation of girls, with their smart frocks, in fashion not more than six months behind London, their board-school notions, and their consuming ambition to "look like a lady"—were these likely to cherish a local cus'om as primitive as the long stone circles on the tors above? But they were Cornish; and of that race it is unwise to judge rashly. For years I had sought in vain, and then, by Sheba farm, in a forsaken angle of the coast, surprised the secret.

Sheba farm stands high above Ruan sands, over which its windows flame at sunset. And I sat in the farm kitchen drinking cider and eating potato cake, while the farmer's wife, Mrs. Bolverson, obligingly attended to my cout, which had just been soaked by a thunder shower. It was August, and already the sun had set again, fierce and storm. The bright drops that gemmed the tamarisk bushes above the sea wall of the town place, were already fading under its heat; and I heard the voices of the harvesters up the lane, as they returned to the coat-field, whence the storm had routed them. A bright parallelogram stretched from the window across the white kitchen table, and reached the dim hollow of the open fireplace. Mrs. Bolverson drew the towel horse, on which my coat was stretched, between it and the wood fire, which (as she held) the sunshine would put out.

"It's uncommonly kind of you, Mrs. Bolverson," said I, as she turned one sleeve of the coat toward the heat. "To be sure, if the women in these parts would speak out, some of them have done more than that for the men, with an old coat."

She dropped the sleeve, faced round, and eyed me.

"What do you know of that?" she asked slowly and as if her chest tightened over the words. She was a woman of fifty and more, of fine figure but a worn face. Her chief surviving beauty was a pile of light golden hair, still lustrous as a girl's. But her blue eyes—though now they narrowed on me suspiciously—must have looked out magnificently in their day.

"I fancy," said I, meeting them frankly enough, "that what you know and I don't, on that matter, would make a good deal."

She laughed harshly, almost savagely.

"You'd better ask Sarah Geake, across the coombe. She uuried a man's clothes one time—it might be worth your while to ask her what came o' it."

If you can imagine the glimmer of moonlight running up the blade of a rapier, you may know the chill flame of spite and despite that flickered in her eyes then as she spoke.

"I take my oath," I whispered to myself, "I'll act on the invitation."

The woman stood straight upright, with her hands clasped behind her, before the deal table. She gazed, under lowered brows, straight out of the window; and following that gaze, I saw, across the coombe, a mean mud hut, with a mud wall around it, that looked upon Sheba farm with the obtrusive humility of a poor relation.

"Does she—does Sarah Geake—live down yonder?"

"What is that to you?" she inquired fiercely, and then was silent for a moment, and added, with another short laugh, "I reckon I'd like the question put to her; but I doubt you've got the pluck."

"You shall see," said I; and taking my coat off the towel horse I slipped it on.

She did not turn—did not even move her head when I thanked her for the shelter and walked out of the house.

I could feel those steel-blue eyes working like gimlets into my back as I stroke down the hill and passed the wooden plank that lay across the stream at its foot. A climb of less than a minute brought me to the green gate in the wall of Sarah Geake's garden patch; and here I took a look backward and upward at Sheba. The sun lay warm on its white walls, and the whole building shone against the burnt hillside. It was too far away for me to spy Mrs. Bolverson's blue print gown within the kitchen window, but I knew that she stood there yet.

The sound of a footstep made me turn. A woman was coming round the corner of the cottage, with a bundle of mint in her hand.

She looked at me, shook off a bee that had blundered against her apron and looked at me again—a brown woman, lean and strongly made, with jet black eyes set deep and glistening in an ugly face.

"You want to know your way?" she asked.

"No. I came to see you, if your name is Sarah Geake."

"Sarah Ann Geake is my name. What 'et want?"

I took a sudden resolution to tell the exact truth.

"Mrs. Geake, the fact is I am curious about an old charm that was practiced in these parts, as I know, till recently. The charm is this: When a woman guesses her lover to be faithless to her, she buries a suit of his old clothes to fetch him back to her. Mrs. Bolverson, up at Sheba yonder—"

The old woman had opened her mouth (as I know now) to curse me. But as Mrs. Bolver son's name escaped me, she turned her back and walked straight to her door and into the kitchen. Her manner told me that I was expected to follow.

But I was not prepared for the face she turned on me in the shadow of the kitchen. It was gray as wood-ash, and the black eyes shrank into it like hot specks of fire.

"She—she set you on to ask me that?" she asked, clutching me by the coat and hissing out the sibilants. "Come back from the door—don't let her see." Then she lifted up her fist, with the mint tightly clutched in it, and shook it at the warm patch of Sheba buildings across the valley.

"May God burn her bones, as he has smitten her body barren! What do you know of this?" she cried turning upon me again.

"I know nothing. That I have offered you some insult is clear; but—"

"Nay, you don't know. No man would be such a hound. You don't know; but, by the Lord, you shall hear, here where you've stand-in', an' shall judge betwix' me an' that pale 'oom up yonder. Stand there an' lis' to me.

"He was my lover more'n five an' thirty years ago. Who? That 'oman's wedded man, Seth Bolverson. He warn't married—this with a short laugh: "wife or less than wife, he found me to his mind. She—the that wife, he found me to his mind. She—the that pale-eyed you'll come on an' flout me—was a pale-haired girl o' seventeen or so, I those times—a church goin', mincin' strip of a girl—the sort you may talk how the knee 'o for saints, you fools! Her father owned Sheba farm, an' she look'd across my man an' had envy on en, an' set her eyes to draw en. Oh, a lovely lass she was! An' he, the poor shammick, went. 'Twas a good girl, you understand, that wished for to marry an' reform en. She had money, too. An I'd his' poured out my blood for en; that's all I could do. So he went.

"As the place shines this day, it shone then. Like a moth it drew en. Late o' summer evenin's its windeys shone when down below here I was chill i' the hill's shadow. An' late at night the candles burned up there as he courted her. Purity and coziness, you understand, an' down here—he forgot about down here. Before he'd missed to speak to mee for a month, I'd hear en whistlin' up the hill, so merry as a grig. Well, he married her.

"They were married eight months an' 'twas harvest time come round, an I'd gone yield a gleanin'. For I was suffered near to that extent, seein' that the cottage here had been my father's, an' was mine, an' no other's, if I only turn me. One o' the hands, as they was pitchin', passes me an empty keg an' says, 'Run you to the farm-place an' get it filled.' So with it I went to th' kitchen, and while I wa'ted outside I sees his coat an' weaket 'pon a peg i' the passage. Well, I knew the coat; an' a madness takin' me for all my reason, I unhitched it an' flung it behind the door, an', the keg bein' filled, picked it up agen an' ran down home agaeg.

"No thought had I but to win Seth back. 'Twas the charm you spoke about; an' that same midnight I delved a hole by the threshold an' berried the coat, whispetin' the while back, come back to me! as Aun' Leonsynth had a-taught me times afo'e.

"But ahe, the pale 'oman, had a seen me, dro' a chink o' the parlor door, an I tuk the coat down. An' she knowed what I tuk it for. I've read it, times an' again in her wife's eyes, an' to-day your coat's eye witness that she knowed. If Seth knowed—

She clenched and unclenched her fist, and went on rapidly.

"Early nex' mornin', an' a'most afore I was dressed, two constables came in by the gate, an' she behind mum, treacle' delicious, an' he at her back, wi' his chin dropped. They charged me wi' stealin' that coat—that I'd a-darned an' patched more'n wance."

"What happened?" I asked, as her voice sank and halted.

"What happened! She looked me i' the eyes, scornfully; an' her eyes were full o' knowledge. An' wi' her eyes she invited me to abase mysel', an' spake the truth an' win off jail. An' I than had stole now', looked back on her, an' said, 'It's true. I stole the coat. Now cart me off to jail; but handle me gently for the sake o' my child unborn.' When I spoke that, an' saw her face, I went off wi' a girl heart.

"She caught my hand and, taking me to the porch, pointed high above Sheba, to the yellow upland where the harvesters mov'd.

"'Do you see him there? The tall man by the hedge—there where the slope dips. That's my son, Seth's son, the straightest man among all. Childless woman! Childless woman! Go back to her an' carry word o' the prayer I've spoken upon her childlessness.'"

And "Childless woman!" "Childless woman!" she called again, shaking her fist at the windows of Sheba farmhouse, that blazed back scarily as they caught the western sun.—*A. T. Quiller-Couch, in London Speaker.*

More Curious Weddings

You see, I've been among the poor all my life. My services in the church include a curacy for fifteen years in the east end of London, and an incumbency for twenty-five years at a small church in the most densely populated part of one of our large towns. As you will readily suppose, my forty years' service has not been without some very strange experience. I remember one morning, at about eight o'clock, the clerk came to my lodgings and informed me that a couple wished to be married at once.

"Can they not wait till the proper time?" I asked. "They are most unreasonable. You ought not to have brought their message. You know we don't marry till half-past ten."

"Well, sir," urged the clerk, "it was the lady who sent me, and I thought it was a most important case."

"Oh, I see," said I, "she made it worth your while to come."

"Yes, sir; and if it's not being too bold, I think she'll make it worth yours to go."

In no pleasant frame of mind, I rose from my breakfast and accompanied the clerk; nor did I let slip the opportunity of lecturing him on the desirability of entering time-honored regulations of our church. When I had duly invested myself in my robes, I entered the communion rail, and behold with no small surprise a man in corduroy trowsers and a "duck" jacket, while by his side stood a well dressed lady. I felt called upon to expostulate with the man for not being attired in a manner more becoming the solemn occasion. He made no attempt to defend himself except by saying that he had not had time to change. However, the lady seemed satisfied, and as there was no valid objection—for they were prepared with a special license—I married them. After the ceremony, the man signed his name with a cross, while the lady wrote a bold, aristocratic hand. When leaving the church, I saw the lady bid her husband good-bye, and drive off in a carriage, while he went in a different direction, apparently to his work.

The handsome fee with which the lady rewarded me did not prevent my speculating as I turned my steps homeward, on the circumstances that led to this extraordinary union. Why should a lady, only twenty-five years of age, and with no small share of good looks, link herself to an ignorant and uncultivated workman almost twice her age? I have never found any satisfactory solution to this problem, and I hand it over to the ingenuity of any novelist in want of a plot.

It was in the same church that I witnessed a most telling illustration of the old adage on the course of true love; or, at least of the proverb relating to the cup and the lip. I had just completed a marriage and was preparing to leave, when I heard a vehicle drive rapidly to the church door. In a few seconds a young gentleman with a young lady on his arm hurriedly entered the church, and, presenting a special license, requested me to marry them at once. The excited state of the pair naturally aroused my suspicions; but after carefully examining the license and finding no flaw, I proceeded with the service. Hardly had I uttered the first words, when an old gentleman, followed by a footman, rushed into the church. "I forbid this marriage," cried the gentleman, "as my daughter is not of age."

This turned out to be the case, and the young lady was led disconsolately away by the footman, her would-be husband ejaculating in tragic tones, "Never mind, darling, I'll marry you yet."

Whether he did so, I never learned.

Part of my duty at that time consisted in receiving the names of those who wished to have their banns called in church. One day an awkward looking man, with hair almost fiercely red, called on me and asked how much it would cost "to have his banns cried."

"Two shillings," I replied.

"All right," said he, laying down the money.

"Your name," I asked, got ing out the book.

"John Dawkins."

"Married before?"

"No, sir."

"What is the lady's name?"

"What, sir?"

"The lady's name?" I repeated.

"Well, I didn't think of that," he answered, "but let's see, there's Bessy and Sally, and Widow Magee. See, sir, if you don't mind waiting, I'll go and ask one of them, and come back in an hour."

He went, but never returned. Evidently neither Bessy nor Sally nor Widow Magee were willin'.

Many of the candidates for matrimony have little or no previous knowledge of the words of the service. "To have and to hold" frequently becomes "to have on the whole," and "till death us do part" is given "till death has to part."

There is, however, on record a story—for the truth of which I cannot vouch—to the effect that a young man about to be married learned, as he thought, the responses by rote. Unfortunately he had studied the Order for Baptism, and when confronted with the question: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife," etc., boldly replied, "I renounce them all."

Some Large Weekly Salaries.

By taking the yearly salaries paid to officials connected with the Houses of Parliament and the public service, and dividing them into weekly portions, omitting the pence, some rather interesting figures present themselves. The Lord Chancellor heads the list, and his salary paid in weekly instalments would figure at the sum of £192 6s.

The following figures also appear in the department of the law. The Lord Chief Justice receives £153 16s., and the Master of the Rolls £115 7s. So also do the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary. Ex-Lord Chancellors receive £96 3s. weekly by way of consolation in the shape of a pension, but they have to take part in the hearing of final appeals.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, the Prime Minister, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Home Secretary, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Principal Secretary of State for War, the Secretary of State for War, the Judges of the Appeal Courts, the Judges of the High Courts of Justice, and the Judge of the Court of Arches each receive the magnificent weekly sum of £96 3s.

The First Lord of the Admiralty receives £85 10s.; while the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland receives £85 1s.

Turning to the Corporation of London officers, we find the Recorder receives £67 6s., and the Common Serjeant £43 8s.

Next the Postmaster-General and the Chairman of Committees each receive £48 1s.

Then the First Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings, the Chief Commissioner of the Charity Commissioners, the Clerk of the House of Commons, the Masters in Lunacy, the Secretary for Scotland, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the Comptroller and Auditor-General at Somerset House, the President of the Board of Trade, the Chief Official Receiver in Bankruptcy, the President of the Local Government Board, the Vice-President of the Council on Education, and the Chairman of the Inland Revenue Office all receive £38 9s. weekly.

Following these, the Senior County Court Judges receive £34 12s.; so also does the Chief Magistrate at Bow St. ect.

The other County Court Judges receive £28 16s.; likewise the Chief Commissioner of Police, also the Metropolitan Police Magistrates.

Instructing a Tenderfoot.

Lord de Liverus (on his travels in the western states)—Your bar is polished nicely, me good fellaw; but what is the reason of all these holes filled with putty?

Wildcat Bill (running the Devil's Gulch Inn) Pard, I pity yer. Can't yer see they're jus' the bullet holes left by a picnic party?

Asking a Favor.

Auntie Busby—Be you th' postmaster?

Mr. Van Cott—I am.

Auntie Busby—Here's a letter t' my darter in Hillydelphy. When you git over there t' day, an' hand it t' her, tell her I'm comin' nex' week. I forgot to write it, an' hate t' tear th' envelope.

The Franco-Russian Situation.

France (to Russia)—My dear sister, my affection for thee is of the most immense! *Vive la Russie!*

Russia—I'm sure I reciprocate the feeling, and—er—could you loan me a hundred million roubles?

The Profit of Martyrdom.

"I understand that Dr. Cope has made a good thing."

"How's that?"

"Why, he denied his creed, got tried for heresy, was convicted, and the very next week received a call to the biggest liberal church in his city, at a fat salary. Dr. Cope always did have a great head."

So Would He

Pupil (in class in punctuation, reading)—I saw Alice a charming girl.

Teacher—Well, what would you do?

Pupil—Make a dash after Alice.

Teacher—Right!

Thoughtful Beyond His Years.

"Mamma," said Chippy Oldblock, looking up from the newspaper that he was pretending to read, "I should like to be Annie L. Jorkins's little boy."

"What makes you say that, dear?" asked Mrs. Oldblock. She had tried hard to do her duty by him, and it grieved her to think that his affections should go out to someone else.

"Why, you see, this paper says that the Annie L. Jorkins has just come into port with her spanker gone."

Almost as Bad.

Eastern boy—Did you ever play football?

Western boy (watching the game)—Why! I once got caught in a drove of stampeded mules.

A High Light.

Artist—Why have you hung my picture so high?

Member of a Committee—To get the light on it.

Artist—What light do you get there?

Member of Committee—The skylight.

A Good Memory.

Harry—So she refused you, did she?

Jack—Yes; and I shall remember what she said as long as I live.

Harry—What did she say?

Jack—She said "No."

The Agent Lied.

Mr. Houndhunter—Are there any dark rooms in this flat?

Agent—No, sir; not one, sir.

Mr. Houndhunter—Ah! I'm sorry; but it won't do, then. I'm an amateur photographer.

Excursions.

Special excursions to California and Mexico, at lowest rates, via the Great Wabash line, the shortest, best and quickest route to all west and south-western points. People who like solid comfort always travel via the Banner route, which runs the finest equipped trains on earth. Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets via this line. J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, 29 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

She Clasped.

"I want to ask your advice about a novel I am writing," she confidentially remarked to a bookseller the other day.

"I shall be happy to give it."

"The hero of my story is wounded in battle and comes home with his arm in a sling."

"That's good."

"My heroine meets him with great joy, and he clasps her in his arms."

"Perfectly proper; I'd do it myself."

"Yes, but don't you see that one of his arms is in a sling? How could he clasp?"

"That's so. And you have decided he must come home wounded?"

"He must."

"And she must be clasped?"

"She ought to be.

"Yes, that's so; but you must look out for the critics. How would it do to have her clasp him?

"Wouldn't it look immodest?"

"Not under the circumstances! and you can add a foot-note that the joy of seeing him carried her off her balance for a moment. Yes, let the critics take the consequences. If you get the right kind of covers on a book you needn't care much about what is inside."

"Very well, my heroine shall clasp; I thank you; good-day."

Misses E. & H. Johnston of 122 King street west beg to announce that they have a large stock of the latest novelties in dress goods, French trimmings, etc. Ladies who admire a stylish and perfect-fitting gown should inspect our stock.

Pardonable Absent-Mindedness.

The Justice (Chicago court)—Your first name, please?

The Widow—Smith—er—ah—er—beg pardon, sir—Laura.

INCONVENIENCE AVOIDED.—By using Persian Lotion to improve your complexion, you avoid the risk of traces of white powder, proving that your color is not natural. This toilet water whitens the skin without leaving any trace.

At the Theater.

She—What do you think of my new hat?

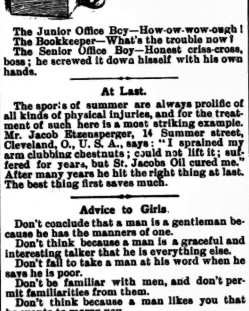
He—There seems to be something mysterious about it.

She—How?

He—The men who are behind us say they can't see through it.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS
of all schools, for the brain, nerves and stomach.

A Press Lie



The Junior Office Boy—How-ow-ow-ough! The Bookkeeper—What's the trouble now? The Junior Office Boy—Honest criss-cross, boss; he screwed it down hisself with his own hands.

At Last.

The sports of summer are always prolific of all kinds of physical injuries, and for the treatment of each here is a most striking example. Mr. Jacob Etzensperger, 14 Summer street, Cleveland, O., U. S. A., says: "I sprained my arm clubbing chestnuts; could not lift it; suffered for years. Dr. Jacobs Oil cured me." After many years he hit the right thing at last. The best thing first saves much.

Advice to Girls.

Don't conclude that a man is a gentleman because he has the manners of one.

Don't think because a man is a graceful and interesting talker that he is everything else.

Don't fail to take a man at his word when he says he is poor.

Don't be familiar with men, and don't permit familiarities from them.

Don't think because a man likes you that he wants to marry you.

Don't be silly about the men.

Don't be rude to a man in order to show your independence.

A Few of the
Good Qualities of
Rubber Waterproofs

A good Rubber Waterproof has not only a perfect power of resisting water, but a perfect power of resisting air. It will keep the water out, and it will keep the steam in. There is no necessity to incur the expense of going to Rome to see a Roman. Now you can get a good one at home. All you need to do is: Put on your rubber machintosh, take an hour's walk, and you are in a perfect bath. Then again, if you want to be an INTERESTING INVALID, all you have to do is take off your rubber machintosh when you find your vapor bath getting too strong, sit in your damp clothes and you will very soon be in need of some delicious dose of catarrh, without any trouble or expense.

Who would not have a rubber overcoat?

A Melissa Garment
is only Rainproof

It will keep you dry for many hours under heavy rain, as hundreds who are wearing them, with great comfort and satisfaction, can testify, but it is neither waterproof, air proof nor steam proof. It will not get damp inside if you wear it all day. If your doctor ordered you to take a vapor bath, you need not have to go to Rome to get one, if it costs a fortune, but you could not get one in a Melissa coat. To catch cold in a Melissa coat is extremely improbable. Very and to relate, but it is true.

MELISSA MANUFACTURING CO.
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J. A. MACKEDIE & CO, Montreal,
Wholesale Agents for the Dominion.

Antiseptics, Surgical Dressings
Sanitary Towels, Rubber Bandages, Abdominal Belts and Fresh Vaccine
Always in stock at
FLETT'S DRUG STORE
482 Queen Street West
Telephone 664.

Don't let a man impose upon you, simply because he is a man.

Don't believe everything a man tells you, either about himself or yourself.

"I have traveled over the entire United States in my official capacity as commissioner of The Societe Medicale of Paris, in search of the best locality for a sanitarium for consumptives, and after long deliberation reported upon the country (New Mexico) in the vicinity of Las Cruces." A. PETIN, M. D., L. C. P., France.

The World's Population.

Professors Wagner and Supan, the German statisticians, have just published careful estimates of the population of the globe. They placed the total at 1,460 millions, of which Europe has 357; Asia, 836; Africa, 164; America, 122; Australia, 3; the Oceanic Islands, 7½. More than one fourth of the human race is found in China and Japan, the former counting 350,000,000, and the latter 40,000,000; more than one fifth is in India, 324,000,000.

THE MOST SEVERE ATTACK OF
RHEUMATISM
Instantly relieved and permanently cured by
NINE O'CLOCK OIL
Prepared by DR. H. P. WILKINS, Toronto, Ont.
25 cents per bottle. All Druggists.

"What a boon it would be to the Medical Profession if some reliable Chemist would bring out an Extract of Malt in Combination with a well-digested or Peptonized Beef, giving us the elements of Beef, and the Stimulating and Nutritious portions of Ale."
—So wrote the late eminent DR. J. MILNER FOTHERGILL.

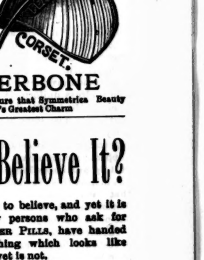
ALE AND BEEF
PEPTONIZED
Is the Identical Combination as suggested above

Each bottle contains the product of one-quarter of a pound of Lean Beef, thoroughly digested.

It is the only mild stimulant with a perfect food that is known to-day. The Beef supplies the elements of flesh and blood; the Ale is vigorating and tonic, and the Pepsin is an invaluable aid in the process of digestion.

PUT UP IN PINT BOTTLES
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE
For sale by all Druggists.

WHY DO YOU WEAR CORSETS
Which Make you look as though you had Been Out out of a Wooden Block with a Jack-knife



FEATHERBONE
CORSETS give to the Figure that Symmetrical Beauty which is a Lady's Greatest Charm

Can You Believe It?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R'S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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VOL. VI TORONTO, NOV. 28, 1891. [No. 1

Our Christmas Number.

The orders taken for the above work during the past week have been hitherto unprecedented in this country. This is partly due, no doubt, to the magnificent supplement, Fatima, Daughter of Mohammed, which is truthfully pronounced to be the finest piece of color reproduction ever imported to this country. However, the public need be told little of the merits of this picture as it is now exhibited in the shops of all newsdealers and at the office of this paper. Apart from the excellence of the supplement, however, the number can stand on its own merits and command its price. The pictures scattered through it are by the best foreign and Canadian artists, and include the works of Bouguereau, Weisz, G. A. Reid and others equally famous. The engraving is of the best and much of it by such world-famous craftsmen as Charles Baude. The reading matter is set off by the most artistic adornment, and the literature of the number should command the attention of all. It has never been the policy of SATURDAY NIGHT to publish the refuse scraps from big names, but to seek for what is fresh and excellent, whether by known or unknown authors. The several prize stories will speak for themselves and cannot be here announced. Mr. Edmund E. Sheppard has contributed a story which embodies an incident of striking interest in these modern days, and Mr. C. W. Cooper writes a true and dramatic story of pioneer days. The poetry, which includes the work of all the most popular contributors to Canadian periodicals, speaks well for Canadian literature. We can only repeat what has been said before, that the edition is limited and that the price is 50 cents, either from newsdealers or postpaid direct from this office.

The Afternoon Stroll.

WHEN the fair and idle denizens of what Caddy called "the metropolus" have nothing better to do, they dress themselves up in their prettiest gauds and "take a stroll down the avenue."

On any bright afternoon you may meet half a dozen of these pretty creatures on every block. They are all *tire a quatre epingles*, as every self-respecting New Yorker always is when on view. Some of them, according to Mrs. Cruger, who ought to know all about these mysteries of exclusive belledom, are never to be seen in dishevelment. They have no *dishabille*. Even their maids have never seen them really untidy. The undress uniform is as much a matter of study as the *toilette de bal*. And, like all the great, they miss some of those joys which make compensation to the lowly. Fancy never having tasted the sweets of dressing-gown and slippers; never having known the soft repose of limp and corsetless disarray! To one who has missed this charmed ease of old shoes and that "sweet disorder in the dress" that Ben Jonson thought so attractive, life has withheld one of its dearest joys.

The stroller on the avenue, whatever freaks of costume she may revel in in her own boudoir, is on her walk as stiff and complete as a cadet on dress parade. Her long skirt, so tight about her hips that it rests smooth as paper, trails unheeded over the flags in fascinating folds which, in their graceful simplicity, have taxed the skill of a celebrated *modiste*. Her great coachman's cape of bristling, long-haired fur has a collar up to the back of her head behind, and this, rolling over in front, discloses her charming face, juvenile in its small delicacy, pale, demure, with a small, thin-lipped mouth, anointed with some ointment to keep her lips from chapping, and a pair of large, cold, grave eyes that have a languid, tired look. A little black Spanish turban, with a bunch of pompons in the side, rests on her hair, carefully frizzled out on either side in regular waves. She carries a muff, if the day is cold, and her step is brisk and her gait has in it an active swing.

When they talk of a "stroll on the avenue," this does not necessarily include only that aristocratic thoroughfare. It takes in Broadway as far down as Huyler's or even Tiffany's. Broadway is plebeian, but, like most plebeian things, it is interesting. The avenue is brooded over by a refined and opulent glory that has been known to pall. Fifteen minutes' walk on that exclusive promenade merely gives you an outside glimpse of wealthy New York riding by in carriages or tramping by on foot. And about wealthy New York there is a sameness. They all wear the same clothes, have the same manners, and carry themselves in the same way. If you know them, you just have to keep bowing. If you do not know them, you just have to keep staring, and both are extremely tiring in the long run.

There are no interesting, queer, dreadful people on the avenue. Everybody is stylish, and proper, and tame. But on Broadway all sorts of strange beings float by. You just glimpse at them languidly from under your eyelids, and it is very amusing. There one sees the actors, and sometimes the comic opera actresses, which is simply fascinating. The bewildering creature, whom you raved over at the London last spring, suddenly jostles into you, as you survey a window full of hats. There you may stand at her elbow, and, under cover of the hats, look her over. Who would ever have supposed she was so fat! Her arm next you simply bursts from its tight sleeve. She creaks when she moves, as though her restraining belt were crying out against its fate. Through her spotted white veil you see her nose obscurely under a thick coat of powder, and her cheeks and her lips—coral and carmine—are pale in comparison. In rapt contemplation of the hats, her black eyes stray musingly—the boldest black eyes, outlined by a darkened rim. You come to the conclusion that she is simply hideous. This is the creature they say Thomas, Richard and Henry are wild about! Heavens!—and you pass onward, inhaling your bouquet of violets to get the perfume of patchouli out of your nose.

Next to looking at the people, looking at the windows is the most delightful pastime. From Twenty-third street to Tiffany's there are all sorts of windows. There is that distracting window where the dirty, dingy man with the brown face and the black, shaggy hair sits and weaves Persian rugs at a loom. Squatting uncomfortably in a little clearing made in the piles of rugs about him, he doggedly pursues his task. People stand around outside and stare at him with their jaws dropped. He never notices them. If he were a girl he would, and would pretend not to. If you ever notice the girls who make candy, or wigs, or run sewing machines, or trim bonnets in windows, you will observe the demure and intent manner in which they bend over their work. Nevertheless, without ever raising their eyes they know just who is outside watching them. It is a trick they learned years ago—when Kirby died.

Beyond this there is a place where they have Californian fruit and Eastern fruit. There are some nice, juicy-looking, little Seckel pears in a basket that you would like to taste—there is nothing like a Seckel pear after all. Over against them is a glowing pile of Flaming Tokay grapes from somewhere in Central California. They look magnificent—big, and hard and rosy. Experience has taught us, however, that the Flaming Tokay grape from California is not all that its looks proclaim. 'Tis bright, 'tis beautiful, 'tis tame. Pastors could take a two foot bunch of Flaming Tokays and preach a sermon on them. Whatever taste they had on their native vine has been successfully eliminated by a week's packing in sawdust. But they look beautiful on dining tables. Flaming Tokay grapes, mixed with old-rose satin ribbons—that is a very popular table decoration this autumn.

But the window—the window *par excellence*, the window where men and women, boys and girls, old and young, congregate in a silently admiring or volubly criticizing throng—is the one where the British beauties hang galore. There is a whole galaxy of them—the big, handsome, broad-shouldered, ox-eyed goddesses smiling, and grave and simpering and haughty. Most of them are in full-dress—and what a full-dress it is! As a whole, the English are a conservative and respectable race, but the way their women have their photographs taken in the barest possible kind of necks is really rather astounding, even to a wild and woolly American. And then, having revealed their stately throats and marble shoulders for the admiration of their "set," the whole world in general is called upon to admire these generous patricians, who show no annoyance when the pictures are exhibited in a show-window on a public street.

But, indeed, the English are a wise and wily race. There, hanging in the midst of the beauties, is Lady Brooke, a picture of dove like domesticity. This lovely being is depicted in a singularly hideous but quiet and unpretending costume, while her two children cling about in affectionate attitudes. It is a charming trio. Cordelia and the Gracchi never looked more domestic or respectable. Lady Brooke must possess the beauty of coloring rather than that of feature or figure. This is the beauty that is most striking at first sight, and of which, sages say, men tire most rapidly. It is monotonous, and monotony is the grave of love. In these pictures, Lady Brooke is neither beautiful nor *distinguee*. She has a thin, rather delicate face, with pronounced features which have none of the mobility and softness that so often lend the charm of an English face. She has a fine carriage, a tall and somewhat stately figure, but her hair is vilely dressed in coils, and loops, and braids on the top of her head, and she wears a false friz! An English Professional Beauty in a False Friz—the Apollo Belvedere in a toupet! The only thing to be said in extenuation is that the pictures must be old.

Another beauty who is a focus for all eyes, is Lady Dunlo—Belle Bilton, the music hall singer. It is a singular thing to notice how many English actresses seem to have the square and prominent jaw that Ellen Terry has made the fashion. Belle Bilton has it in its broadest, boldest form. In profile it is not so noticeable; in full face it lends a peculiar look of squareness and strength to the lower half of the face. But Belle Bilton, albeit she is a commonplace looking woman, has a very capitivating air. She has beautiful eyes—eyes must be very handsome to look so in a photograph—well cut, well set, large, and soft, and tender. They do not look like the eyes of a music hall singer. George Eliot says eyes and their expression may be inherited. The flightiest woman who ever giggled at nothing may have the saddest, dreamiest, most darkly mysterious of eyes. The loitiest soul may look out on the world through a pair of cold, pale, lifeless orbs, as expressionless as bits of glass.

There is another individual touch about Lady Dunlo's pictures—she always wears a black *mouche* near one corner of her mouth. She is never taken without it. Balzac somewhere notes this trick of some women always to wear some peculiar personal fetich, which comes to be as much a part of them as the way they move their lips, or the inclinations of their head. Who was it always wore the small rose-bud in her corsage? Belle Bilton's black *mouche* makes her look like an actress, and contradicts the wistful softness of her fine eyes. Her mouth is common, too, and just a trifle insolent. The way her waist is pulled in is something terrific, and makes her shoulders higher than they ought to be. But the soft eyes and the *mouche* give the face passion and piquancy, and from this contradiction arises its charm.

Most of the others are familiar. There is the splendid Duchess of Leinster, with her scornful, haughty head; she has been popular in the shop windows as long as Lillian Russell or Mrs. Langtry. She is not as handsome as she used to be; her disdainful, curled-up lips have taken on a sneering look that has spoiled their rich curves. She has still her long, round throat and her superb shoulders, and her picture enjoys the proud distinction of being the most *decollete* in the whole window full. The Princess Brancaccio's is just hanging above it. The princess has the most wonderful neck that ever was seen—not a bone visible, and she is a slender woman—the line from the ear to the top of the shoulder absolutely faultless. Otherwise the princess is not beautiful. She is of the soft, phlegmatic, Alderney cow type. Her photograph has an immense sale.

Mixed with these sumptuous patricians are the stars of the footlights, the French ones, with their sharp, wicked, knowing faces, and their absurd costumes, not as a rule pretty, but extremely *chic* and full of *diablerie*. Now and then the face of the great Sara holds the gazer's eye spellbound. What is the charm of that unique countenance, with its cold, close mouth, its mysterious, baffling eye, its fine little nose, with tremulous nostrils? It is the modern sphinx, or as the sphinx might be if it had been subjected to modern influences. It is a face in which there is everything but love. And close to it is that fine, healthy, beautiful, satin-skinned cow—Mrs. Langtry. Mrs. Langtry as Cleopatra—the greatest guy in the window! In a Worth dress and a tight corset, with her hair dressed high and frizzed, with a diamond necklace round her throat, and a long pair of gloves in her hand, the Jersey Lily is a thing of beauty. But to put this flower of moderuness into the flowing garb of the Serpent of Old Nile, is to perpetrate an unpardonable blunder. One glance at the picture shows this. The rose and white beauty of drawing-rooms, and opera-boxes, and afternoon-teas dwindles into insignificance where the dusky majesty of Egypt should rise in her magnificence and fill the eye.

The Drama.

WHEN shall we have a genuine rural play? There are many good character sketches of the kind now on the stage, but the plays they are in are either not plays at all or blatant melodrama. Characters possessing the emotional and mental qualities to take part in a sensible, truthful drama of rural life are expected to be low comedy men too. They are dragged on the slightest possible pretext into urban scenes to make fools of themselves for the benefit of those spectators whom Shakespeare describes as "groundlings." Current literature teems with tales of rural life, tales full of dramatic interest and ranking with the best short stories ever written. Take for instance, Miss Matt Crim's Zek'll, published in a recent number of the *Century*, or the stories of Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins. Here are situations galore. Cannot the "rural interest" of the drama be looked after as well as "the gentlemanly interest?" There are rumors, however, of a change and there are hopes of improvement in the near future. Martha Morton has written Miss Prue and Augustus Thomas' Alabama has met with immense success, so we may hope that such inimitable rural sketchers as Richard Golden may hereafter exercise their talents in a legitimate field.

*

There is some good stuff to put in a play in Old Jed Prouty. Kind hearted old Jed himself, John Todd, a good type of the rural capitalist; Zack Wilcox, town-crier; Zeb Hardy, teamster; Jos. Stover, tradesman, and Tribulation Prouty, Old Jed's sister. But what a sorry apology for a play they make. The puzzled audience would fain ask their why and wherefore. The story suggested in the first act is not developed and that variety farce introduction; the third act, with its rot of French maids and actors is tedious, and destroys much of the effect of what is good in the other three acts. Naught but commendation can be spoken of Messrs. Richard Golden, Harry Rich, Frank R. Jackson, H. M. Morris, F. C. Wells, and Mrs. Frank Tannehill, who respectively play the parts named above. Mr. Joseph Convers was at first funny as Beacon Hill, the Boston drummer; but he began to shout and quote in a way that suggested the tiresome variety farce actor, who comes in wearing a mangy fur collar and calcimined nose and walks as if his anatomy was deranged; altogether though he is a clever comedian. Miss Millie Smith dances prettily, and Miss Annie Carter is a charming young lady who sings with a good concert voice. The Bucksport Quartette sang excellently. Mr. Richard Golden's song and his yellow dog narration deservedly brought down the house. His speech before the curtain was cheap foolery.

*

At one of the Golden's performances this week it was my misfortune to get "pocketed" among several men whose laughs were hung upon hair-triggers and went off with a bang at everything funny. How men contract such a malady I don't know, but it is about as bad as being addicted to St. Vitus' dance. If they had been in front of me instead of behind me, I don't think I should have heard a word of the funniest parts, for as soon as one man would subside another of these urban jays would explode. There never seemed to me as much mirth in a boisterous laugh as in a silent one. Give me for a companion one who can see the jokes and laugh noiselessly till the tears run down his cheeks. This is the pure expression of mirth, unadulterated by a desire to let everyone in the theater know that the laugher is amused by the show. Applause is different. If you think an actor worthy of it, when the proper time comes clap with all your strength. It heartens an actor wonderfully. And if my reader is a lady may I be permitted to advise her that when she goes to see Bernhardt she should not attempt to edify those around her, and divide honors with Scarpia by carrying on a conversation about christy stiffs and servant girls, and that it is better to let those around her at the theater decipher the actions of the actors for themselves, and refrain, if she goes to see the Last Word, for instance, from laying bare Winny's heart in respect of Airey, before Winny decides to do so herself. Let the ladies keep their high hats but preserve silence while the curtain is up. Verily the name of the theatrical talking nuisance is legion.

*

Kidnapped isn't much of a play. There is a real patrol wagon and two real blooded horses and real policemen's coats and clubs, many real stab-daggers and shoot pistols and several real specimens of the *genus* supe, whether or not blooded the programme does not say. The horses prance and the wheels go round and the supes wave the policemen's clubs; the pistols and daggers are exerted frequently but only succeed in turning out one genuine stiff, the hard-earned reward of persistency. The rest of the people stabbed and shot have a disheartening habit of coming to life again. Still I think most of the audience enjoyed the show those whom it failed to interest strongly were amused muchly, and the company was a fair one. The stage management was a credit to Mr. W. J. Romain-Walsh, who is also quite a good actor. By the way, Toronto seems to be productive of stage managers. Last week Mr. Joe Fahey was here in this capacity for the Duff Opera Company. This week Mr. Harry Rich is also managing the stage for old Jed Prouty. Mr. D. K. Higgins, the author of Kidnapped, is a fair comedian. Messrs. Walsh, Fahey and Rich are all Toronto men.

*

The Last Word, which appeared at the Grand during the last three nights of last week, is decidedly the best attraction that has been here this month. Though Mr. Daly's adaption had its faults, the play is altogether calculated to put one in a state of mind to accept life pleasantly. The plot and characters are stagey and for the most part conventional, but in these days the play is a welcome draught from the dramatic well-spring of a decade ago. There isn't much real, red blood in the play. Most of the characters are indebted to the artists for their acceptability. The old musician and the Secretary's daughter Faith, are life-like sketches. The action is strained and ill-adapted to its surroundings, but this would be alleviated were the scene laid in Berlin as in the original German. But then we would lose Alexander Airey, and we could not afford to sacrifice him. The author's outlook is optimistic and the three interwoven love stories quite charming. The audience has the last word in "Bravo!" which Miss Ffolliott Paget instructs them to say in a pretty little epilogue, after the manner of Rosalind.

*

The company which performed the piece here was an excellent one. In one or two minor parts there were signs of a sawdust filling, but the play requires a good company to make it go, and can stand very little of that sort of thing. Miss Ffolliott Paget is known to Toronto theater-goers, from her performance of Aunt Jack at the Academy of Music last spring. Her Baroness Vera was strong and charming. She made love deliciously, and her angry moments were magnificent, considering the difficulty she labors under with her limited range of facial expression. Her light comedy touches were well done, and her rendering of the emotional scene with the Secretary brought forth well deserved recalls. A thorough *artiste*, too, was Miss Grace Esther Drew. She had a good part in Faith Rutherell, and though she did not have a great deal to do she did that naturally and well. Her by-play was splendid, and so quiet and natural that it seemed something more than acting. Miss Kate Bealby as Winny was charming. All the ladies were costumed with most refined taste. Mr. Lionel Bland, the old-time leading man of Januschek and Genevieve Ward, and last season of Lotta, played the part of Alexander Airey brightly and well. Mr. Horning, as the Secretary, showed much dignity. Mr. Hamilton, as the Professor, was fair, but one has one's doubts about his abilities as a pianist. Mr. Wells, as Harry Rutherell, was excellent. Mr. Gibson, as Moses Mossop, was a good comedian.

*

Mr. Bengough's entertainment last season at Association Hall is still talked about. It was unique, brilliant, funny and in every way a huge success. He is to give a similar evening on Thursday, December 10, at the same place, and we admonish our readers not to miss it. The programme will be entirely new, and the sketches up to date. We will be astonished if Association Hall will be capacious enough for the crowd. The prudent man will buy his ticket in advance. The plan will open at Nordheimer's, December 7.

*

On another page appears a portrait of W. J. Florence, an actor with many friends in Toronto. So much has already been said that nothing is left for me. He was one of America's few great comedians, though I have been told that he always thought he would have made a better tragedian. Those of us who have seen him as Bardwell Slote, Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Captain Cuttle feel grateful to the fate which kept him a comedian.

TOUCHSTONE.

"When Sullivan and I first determined to work together," says W. S. Gilbert, "the burlesque stage was in a very unclean state. We made up our minds to do all in our power to wipe out the grosser element, never to let an offending word escape our characters, and never allow a man to appear as a woman and vice versa." This laudable attempt to elevate the stage has been handsomely rewarded. The subjects which Mr. Gilbert has so successfully dealt with were, it is told, often the outcome of pure accident. The Mikado was suggested by a huge Japanese executioner's sword which hung in his library—the identical sword which Mr. Grossmith, the English comedian, used to carry on the stage as Ko-Ko. The Yeoman of the Guard was suggested by the beef-eater who serves as an advertisement of a furnishing company at Uxbridge railway station.

Adrift.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

For Saturday Night.

Strolling to the breezy beach,
Out upon the sand and shingle,
Went a twain of maidens gay,
Early one September day,
Purposing with friends to mingle
At the park they wished to reach.

Thither bound in pleasure boat,
Rowing one, the other steering
For the sighted trysting place,
Laughter rippled o'er each face;
What should either them be fearing?
O! 'twas pleasant thus to float!

Soft the breeze blew from the shore,
Just enough to toss their tresses,
And to ease the rower's task;
But the weather wore a mask,
Make the sportive wind's caresses,
Though so easy on the oar.

Leeward drifting, in alarm,
They perceived the wid'ning distance
Interjacent to the strand;
Breezes that their faces fanned,
Overcame them with resistance
And presaged impending storm.

Courage failed when failing strength,
Vain exerted to diminish
Miles of distance to the shore.
Bitterly they did deplore
What they tried but could not finish,
Then succumbed to fear at length.

In their ears the rising gale
Shrieked in glee at their condition,
Whirled the spray against the cheek,
As it would the fury wreak
Of a devil from perdition,
Heeding neither sob nor wail.

On the erstwhile placid lake,
Billows reared their summits, crested
With white foam, that hissed and broke
Into humid blinding smoke,
As the wanton wind divested
Every white-cap in its wake.

All the day, till falling night,
Tossed the shallop on the surges,
Water-logged, with oars adrift;
Seemed to them each yawning rift
An abyss whence nought emerges,
From the billows' dizzy height.

Well might they, with tearful eyes,
Watch the gloomy foreland vanish,
As they did the setting sun
Ere the dismal night begun,
And all hope of rescue banish
Till the dawn illumed the skies.

As the darkness denser grew,
Fiercer raged the wind and water;
But within each troubled breast
Spake a harbinger of rest:
"Weep no more, O Zion's daughter
Angel escorts wait for you."

Then the fatal struggle came,
When the boat no more could weather
Such a buffeting of waves;
Into twenty fathom graves
Twice they sank and rose together,
Calling on the Saviour's name.

Not upon some sunny slope,
Where those loved in lifetime sorrow,
Slumber they in dreamless sleep;
But beneath the restless deep
They await the last to-morrow,
And the Christian's final hope.

Toronto. WILLIAM T. JAMES.

Ashes of Life.

For Saturday Night.

Thou hast right to be weary, dear soul of mine,
Bowed down by thy deep unrest;
And as widely impatient as unfledged bird
That sits in its parent's nest.
For thy dark prison bars are stronger than steel,
Thou must wait for thy God's behest.

And thou seemest ungrateful, impatient soul
For that womanly love expressed
By the tear-dimm'd eye for the wretched pain,
As thou strivest within thine unhid guest,
And thy lone prison house, poor baffled soul,
Is a charnel house at best.

Where the graves of the hopes that were once so fair,
Troops by in their anguish dress'd,
And thou see'st the wreck that the years have brought
To the ones thou hast loved the best,
And thy sad-souled sister, O troubled soul,
Is the sum of this world's bequest.

Life's choicest pleasures have alloy,
Few hearts beat for one alone.
Through wildest, deepest, sweetest joy
Drifts some fell undertone.
And yet, we live, we know not why,
We are so tired, my soul and I.

There's poison in the air,
It rides upon the softest breeze,
The grandest soul, or brave, or fair,
Needs drink life's bitter lees.
The cruel years drift slowly by,
We are so tired, my soul and I.

We are so tired. The joys we sought
Were full of discontent and fears;
The very peace for which we wrought
Held only grief and tears.
We long for rest, with anguish cry,
We are so tired, my soul and I. A. A. S.

From Romance to Reality.

For Saturday Night.

Ardent youth
Begs to say
His dearest girl
Will name the day.

She consents,
Wedding bells,
Bride and bride maids,
Howling swells.

Ring and license,
Parish priest,
Wedding favors,
Marriage feast.

Showers of rice,
Honeymoon,
Home from tour
All too soon.
Great commotion,
General roars,
Grand finale
Son and heir.

M. E. MUCHALL.

Sentiment.

For Saturday Night.

Instead of dropping leaf by leaf,
In tokens of surrender
And greeting death with unveiled heart,
Was filled with memories tender,
The rose still flounts its yellow crown,
Tho' but a sham its splendor.

The matchless form—its gaudy hue,
They clothe a heart decaying;
Nor plant leaf, nor seemed sweet,
Its character betraying.
'Tis but the wreck of my ideal
This little rose portraying.

A woman's hand holds all the seed,
To leave the petals lying;
Such a virtue—rice as hours,
But it's my senses sighing,
Memory treats the last perfume,
I guard the rose tho' dying.

ANNIE MCMULLEN.

Between You and Me.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should secure the photo of an English cabman I was reading of a short time since. Cabmen are proverbially hardened to the miseries of the brute creation, but this one seems a shining light on the other shore. Kindly disposed to all God's creatures, he has taken a special fancy for pigeons, flocks of them being always about a mews. When he drives up the pretty creatures come fluttering, cooing and floating to him in crowds. Some sit on his hat, some on his shoulders, arms, knees, anywhere that they can find a square inch of room. And the Kodak fiend has snatched a picture of the pretty scene, as the smiling Jehu sits almost smothered by his friends.

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A funny little coincidence occurred to-day. Just as the correspondence editor decided to put in a riddle for the bewilderment of the correspondents, as a sort of revenge on some of them who write in red ink or on foreign paper, the following paragraph cropped up in a London *Truth*, which fell under my notice. Are they not somewhat similar? "Two women, each with a child in her arms, meet two men. One of the women remarks to the other: 'Here come our fathers, the husbands of our mothers; our own husbands, and the fathers of our children.'"

•

Christmas is less than a month away and it behooves us to think of Christmas presents, because the gift bought in a hurry at the last moment is shorn of half its tender association and delightful selection. A very pretty gift for one's sweetheart or big brother is a handsome brush having a back of tortoise shell with a monogram or cipher cut into the shell itself. Tais with the comb is strapped in a pretty leather case and possesses the two desirable qualities of being ornamental and useful.

•

I have had a letter from one of my sister wheels to-day deploring the laying away of her silent steed for the winter. "I never had regular exercise before," she says, "and what shall I do all the long winter without my rides?" Oh, dear me, my good soul, that is just what I have been groaning over, but there is no help for it. We must poke along in the slow street cars or crawl about on our two feet in a perfectly exasperating way for four or five months more, and long for the spring time as we have never longed for it before! *Au revoir*, fellow martyr to this "glorious climate of Ontario." I shall be out looking for you as soon as the roads are clear of snow. But, hush, so neone said "We haven't had Indian summer yet."

•

Little Johnnie lost his pretty ball, playing in the vacant lot, and he howled for it, until tea time consoled him. Then nurse found it and came smiling to her small charge, remarking: "Here's your ball—aren't you glad I found it?" But to her amazement, Johnnie immediately began to howl again. "I want it to get light again, so I can play," was his dismal wail. And Johnnie is like me, and you, and all his elders who find the ball, after the daylight is gone.

> "The ball I have now,
> And the face I had then,
> And I'd punish the man,"

sings Dolly Dimple as in the shadow of forty well lived years she counts her wrinkles.

What we would do if we could live our lives over again is about the most saddening, and aggravating thought that can come in our pessimistic and rainy-day moods. We should, of course, do the same things as in the heyday of youth, make the same mistakes, grasp the same bubbles, follow the same Jack o' lantern into the same bog, but we don't think so. People whose experience was great, and whose love for us undoubted, preached patience when we were restive and exacting, and we heard and understood, but the tide of life was too strong for us and we heeded not, or the solemn voice of authority forbade and warned, but we shut our eyes and dashed ahead through our pleasure to our punishment and pain. Youth is a season we often hear vaunted and sung, but to some who look back youth seems the most reckless and unreasonable of times.

•

It is well that we take it for our time of foolishness, of impatience, of selfishness, because a long future enables our friends to hope for our amendment while they suffer us! Many a loving heart has only this thought to comfort it, when the young it cherished go far down the primrose path or deep into the caves below, and are for the time lost and astray. She is so young—he is only a boy—sign mother and father as the young thing flings out and away. And looking back on their own youth and conning their course to present sober middle-age, they hope against and forgive the repetition of their own foolishness.

•

What a difference it makes if one cuts these youthful capers in after years! When temptation stands aloof, through an uneventful boy and girlhood, only to come thrice strong to the man and the woman, scant sympathy goes their way. They ought to have known better, say the stoners, let them have a crushing volley. And they go down under a whole world's contempt. A recent painful episode goes to prove this, and every sensible man and woman agreed that sympathy was out of place for the woman who was old enough to take care of herself and did not care to do it.

•

The new fad called poker work, which is being interpreted, burning designs on wood with a red-hot metal point, is popular in the neighboring republic. A set of points and handles and a spirit lamp are the necessary outfit, and also some fancy forms of designs for borders. A great effect may be produced by an expert with the hot point, a bold design and a piece of suitable board. Some of the etchings are really handsome. Holly, sycamore and lime are the best light woods for the purpose, while basswood, carefully selected, is cheap and satisfactory for beginners. Holly for striking work and sycamore for light and delicate strokes are the choice. The outfit comes in a neat box and my lady can enrich the panelling of her halls, her door panels and any of her furniture that permits with charming designs in flowers, fruit, scrolls, or any suitable object which takes her fancy. The Sunday-best name of the new art, or rather revived ancient art, is Pyrography. LADY GAY.

Noted People.

Miss Eames (Mrs. Julian Story) passed her honeymoon at Venice.

Mark Twain writes to his friends that he has greatly enjoyed himself on the small French rivers. He commanded a fishing boat, and addressed himself as captain. He is attended by a courier, servant and pilot.

A recent census discloses the fact that 4,507 natives of the United States reside nearly all the year round in Paris. About 8,000 Americans are located in London, and the colony extends yearly. Many families of wealth and leisure, who formerly had houses or resided in hotels in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, are now settled in England.

Many tourists to the Land of the Midnight Sun now visit the little town of Skien, the birthplace of Henrik Ibsen. The modest house to which the poet's father retired after reverses in fortune still stands, and its walls are covered with caricatures and other evidences of the artistic talent that was developed early in Henrik Ibsen's life.

The only American whom the King of Siam has ever deemed worthy to wear the decoration of the Sacred White Elephant is General J. A. Halderman of Kansas. The rarity of the honor conferred on him is indicated by the fact that only two other English-speaking persons, Queen Victoria and Sir Edwin Arnold, have been likewise distinguished by the favor of the Oriental King.

Arthur James Balfour, the English leader, is a bachelor and about forty-three years old. He has ample means, contributes to the magazines, is fond of society and has a decided taste for art, his London residence containing a remarkably fine picture gallery. Thirteen years ago he was Lord Salisbury's private secretary, and now there is talk of his succeeding his former master. He has a very great fondness for the open-air game of golf.

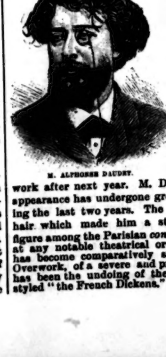
The elaborate tomb which Walt Whitman has had built for himself in Harleigh Cemetery, near Camden, New Jersey, is a reproduction in solid granite of a portion of King Solomon's temple. The door is a single piece of stone six inches thick, and five broad slabs cover the roof. Within are eight catacombs of marble. No bolts or rods or other ordinary fastenings have been used, the huge blocks of granite being strongly joined together with mortises. The tomb has been constructed to endure for centuries.

Lady Henry Somerset, president of the British Woman's Temperance Association, and now lecturing in this country, is a woman of very many accomplishments. In addition to her beauty and dignity of character, she is a very clever artist with pencil and brush, and is highly skilled in embroidery. She has the gift of oratory, and her speeches are marked with undeniable eloquence. Besides her large charities among the London poor, she has shown how genuine her interest is in her cause by descending into the mines of Wales to hold services underground.

Those who saw Charles Dickens when he visited this country a generation ago, are reminded very vividly of him when they meet Sir Edwin Arnold, who resembles no one else so strongly as he does the famous novelist. Sir Edwin Arnold has grown somewhat gray since his former visit to America, but his health is no less vigorous. He presents a much more satisfactory appearance on the platform than have most Engl ah lecturers and readers. His voice is clear, his gesture free and unaffected, and he reads with great animation.

Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte, a former Torontonian, who tries to disguise his British origin by continually scarifying Britain and her institutions, but who betrays his nativity by his attempts at being humorous, recently "slated" the English critic, Andrew Lang. Mr. Lang took his "slating" good-naturedly, and consented to further advertise Mr. Harte by a few good-humored comments on it. In closing he said: "All critics begin by being ferocious; they come in like the lion, and go out like the lamb, weary of wasting their indignation. For this reason a review which wants to be read should be written by youths under twenty-six. There is no doubt that the public admires a slashing article, like that of Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte, for example. Let him slate away and enjoy his youth. After thirty, a man, as a rule, would positively rather praise a book than not. Meanwhile, let youth do its slating, as the Bishop in the Morte d'Arthur 'did the oath—in the most orgilious manner that it could be done.'

M. Alphonse Daudet, whose play Numa Roumestan, founded on the novel bearing that name, was played for the first time the other day in Paris, is working hard at what will probably be his best and final novel, for the author of Tartarin de Tarascon has declared it to be his intention to give up literary work after next year. M. Daudet's personal appearance has undergone great changes during the last two years. The long silky dark hair which made him a strangely marked figure among the Parisian *confreres* of the pen at any notable theatrical or social function, has become comparatively scanty and gray. Overwork, of a severe and prolonged nature, has been the undoing of the man sometimes styled "the French Dickens."



M. ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Don's Interview with the Directory Man.

MANAGER in I am a little out of the interviewing business and had not thought to ask the name of the gentleman I should inquire for. The lady in a little office on the upper floor of 18 Wellington street east looked at me as if I had no business there, and resumed her perusal of a very large directory.

"Hallo, how are you Don?" exclaimed a very pleasant gentleman with a gray mustache. "What are you after?"

Now, I know this gentleman very well, have shaken hands with him very often and I suspect that we have had desultory libations together, yet if anyone were to ask me his name I should have to call him "him" like some people address their wives as "she." somehow one may know a great many people this way, and they are amongst our pleasantest acquaintances. We never think to ask if they have a name or business, but are glad to meet them. I looked inquiringly at the woman with a red feather in her hat, who was still searching through the directory in the little office, and he apologetically inquired if she thought she would be long. She thought not, and he stood there looking at me and I looking at him, while the lady with the red feather calmly perused the book, quite oblivious of our embarrassment. We talked in a half whisper about the weather and the state of business and who should be mayor, and the scandals in Ottawa and drifted along to the disclosures in Quebec, and I imagine that in another five minutes we would have been debating some religious point if the woman with the red feather in her hat had not given up the search and with a very formal "thank you" taken her departure, switching out of the door with the question, "What is the charge?"

"Oh, nothing at all, madame."

I had been wondering whether it was Mrs. "Him," the wife of the pleasant-looking gentleman whose name I was searching for in every recess of my memory. After she had gone I probably looked somewhat apologetic for having intruded, but he asked me to take a seat, and sitting down in the chair which had been occupied by the lady with the red feather in her hat swung round with a laugh and explained.

"That woman came in here and took my chair and has been looking through a New York directory for three hours, while I have been standing up at the counter outside writing my letters and transacting what little business could be attended to there."

"Yes?" said I interrogatively.

"You know we keep almost every directory that is published in English-speaking countries, and our subscribers are invited to come up here and consult them whenever they please. Of course they are entirely welcome to do so, but strangers who never gave us a dollar are the ones we have to serve most frequently. The lady who has just gone out of course took my own chair and used my desk and all that sort of thing, but it is all a part of the business."

I showed him the letter which appears on the first page and asked him if it was a fact that he intended to charge five dollars for his directory this year, and if he thought the people would stand that sort of thing?

He smiled very pleasantly. I am told these monopolists have a habit of doing that sort of thing.

"Yes, we have raised the price from four dollars to five, though this year we are giving a map which includes all the suburbs that are in the directory, and it will be a very useful guide."

"Do you intend to keep it at that price after you drop the map?"

"Yes," said he agreeably, "I think we will. Toronto is getting too big a city to stand a four-dollar book, and there are a great many directories indeed, which sell for $5, and contain much less information than ours. Last year and this year we would have been money out had we relied on the subscription price only. All we make out of it is in the advertising. People don't order our directory on account of its literary excellence, you know, but because they want it, and I don't see why we should have to give it to them for less than it costs, and look for our profit in a precarious advertising business. It would be an easy matter to issue a directory of Toronto on which we could make money, at a much less price than we are charging for it, but we could not give the same amount of satisfaction. We go to more trouble and expense in getting up the Toronto directory than is gone to anywhere else. I have been in the directory business here so long that I say it with pride, there is no other directory published equal in the exactness and value of the details given in it, to that which is found in our book. In the first place, there is no other city directory published that gives as complete a street directory as ours does. This is not only valuable in itself, but it makes a complete check on our men who go about procuring the information which we give. Very few directories show the names of the residents on the streets; they merely give the connections of the streets. Scarcely any other directory published gives as complete a classified business list, but merely shows a catalogue of their advertisers and subscribers. The majority of directories in cities of this size make three separate books, one of the streets, another of the alphabetical names and another of the classified business, the miscellaneous department forming a part of each. In this way they obtain a much better price than we do, while their extra expense is merely in the binding of the books and the extra canvass for advertising patronage and subscribers. Come out and see our library of directories."

I went out with him into a place where it seemed to me as if a dozen people in a singing song were reading such items as "Mary Ann Jones, dressmaker, 56 Smith street, boards 265 Johnston street." From every corner of the room floated some statistical information of the occupation and home of people in whom I had not the slightest interest. Shelves with great big directories stood in front of me. I had no idea that there was any place in Toronto I could come and see where everybody lived and worked in New York and Philadelphia and San Francisco, and everywhere else, but here is a place of that very sort.

"Did you ever notice these red marks on the outside of our book?" said he. "They show just where to turn to suburbs and streets and business, and so on. I think one of the great troubles with people who kick about the price of our directory is that they don't know what is in it. It would be worth while to thumb it over some night and really find out what isn't in it. They don't need any other directory if they have this. If they knew the labor, expense and anxiety that we have in endeavoring to give them a genuine, complete and as near as possible, correct directory, and how little we make out of so much labor, more of them would give us their order and give it cheerfully. Now, for instance," said he, turning over the pages, "we go to much more trouble and expense in getting and giving information than is usually done. We give, whenever we can get it, the place where employees work as well as where they keep house or live or board or have rooms. We make a distinction between 'boards' and 'lives,' as you will see. Here is a man marked 'L.' You won't see that mark or anything representing the idea in any other directory published. It gives better information than 'b' which means 'board.' A man marked 'b,' lives in a boarding house, while those marked 'L' are living with relatives or some person that keeps just a person or two to fill up the house and help make up a sufficient number to keep roast beef on the table or to provide company, or something of that kind. Our principal reason in adopting this was to enable us to get names more readily. Many refuse to give the names of lodgers, etc., lest they be classified as boardinghouse-keepers and have their water rates raised or be looked upon with disdain by their friends.

"Another fact, Mr. Don, the people do not generally understand is that we cannot get up a good directory by going over the ground once. We keep skirmishers out all the time we are printing our list, for the purpose of catching those on the move, watching for vacant houses, seeing empty houses that are being filled as well as collecting names that have not yet come in that were in the last year's book. Our object in producing a city directory primarily is to make something that is not in the next place, it is not to furnish an elaborately got up book, but to furnish a book as full and complete and correct as possible. None outside of those that have had experience have the most remote idea of the labor and difficulties that we have in producing a reliable city directory. It costs a vast deal of money to have men going over this city all the time, and even our subscribers don't know what they are getting and don't look through the book enough to know what to expect to find. And more than one of our subscribers are mean enough to occasionally refuse us the privilege of going through their establishments for the purpose of getting full and more distinct information, and I suppose it is one of these same parties who has written this letter, and if a name were left out, or anything he wrong with the information he would be anxious to bring a law suit for having misled him. They are as bad as the old women who move in here from the country and want to club our canvassers for asking them whether they are spinsters or widows."

"It is that sort of thing that I wanted to ask you about," I remarked.

"I have got some men who could tell you funny things about it." While he was hunting for one of them I slipped over to a clerk in the outside office and asked him what the manager's initials were. "J. M.," he said, "J. M. Might. The other gentleman is Mr. E. R. C. Clarkson, who is also interested here."

It was thus that I obtained a formal introduction, but when Mr. Might returned he had been unable to find the man whom he was after, and said he would send him down to my office and he would tell me some of the funniest things I ever heard.

Talk about funny things, the elevator in the building where the directory man does business has nobody to look after it, and the general manager of this monopoly, to which my correspondent directed my attention, took me downstairs himself, and between us we got the thing stuck before we reached the floor, and I had to make a sort of a dive out of the door, Mr. Might explaining that the landlord told him it would cost more to have an elevator man than the rent would amount to. However, there is very good walking up and down the stairs, but I am not so fond of the interviewing business as to do a great deal of climbing for information. DON.

A Difference in Terms.

Husband—So as to keep you in good humor, Ella, I will grant any wish you may express.

Wife—Well, my dear Alfred, buy me that beautiful pearl necklace we saw yesterday.

Husband—That's no wish at all—that's nonsense.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Five and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened
The birds commenced to sing
Annie Rooney, Comrades,
And all that sort of thing.

'Varsity Chat.

THE series of Saturday afternoon public lectures are meeting with excellent success and amply illustrate the fact that our professors are quite capable of adapting themselves to the requirements of the lecture hall as well as of the lecture room.

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At the meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society, last week, Mr. W. J. Loudon, B.A., president, occupied the chair. Mr. E. Anderson was elected secretary-treasurer. Mr. C. A. Chant, B.A., Fellow in physics, read a paper on the Theory of Sound Waves. Mr. Chant has spent a year in the Auditor General's department at Ottawa, but he has not lost any of his former enthusiasm for his special study. His paper was a reply to an attempt by Rev. Wilfrid Hall to overthrow the theory dealt with and which is considered to be the best established in modern science.

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I have not as yet referred to McMaster University, but as she was once a chicken under our wing I do not think it is amiss to state that the Fyfe Missionary Society met Saturday last in her halls as one of our men, Mr. E. G. Smith, a medical, took part in the proceedings by delivering an address on Medical Missions. The other speakers were Mr. C. J. Cameron, Mr. J. Warninker and Principal G. A. Masse of the Feller Institute.

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Mr. T. McCrae, B. A., has been awarded the McMurrich medal in biology for the original research he displayed in an essay on The Transmission of Acquired Characters.

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The following are the committees having the arrangements for the Wycliffe College At Home on hand: Invitation—Messrs. Perry, Shaw and Rix. Reception—Mrs. Sheraton, Mrs. Hoyles, Mrs. Wrong, Mrs. Du Vernet, Messrs. C. S. Smith, Dreyer, Perry, Sinclair, McKenzie, Shaw, Capp and Wilkinson. Decoration—Messrs. I. O. Stringer, McLaughlin, Scully, Aylwin, Cronyn, Gould, Weaver, Davies and Anderson. Music—Nie, Softley, T. B. Smith, Lea and Rix. Refreshment—The General Committee.

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Prof. Ramsay Wright, M. A., B. Sc., was both instructive and entertaining in his public lecture, Saturday last, on A Winter in Berlin and Prof. Koch and his Discoveries.

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Students of Wycliffe College preached last Sunday in the following missions: Mr. E. Softley, Beeton; Mr. C. S. Smith, B. A., Whitby; Mr. T. B. Smith, B. A., Sunderland; Mr. Arthur Lea, Longford; Mr. James B. Fielding, Tioga; Mr. S. H. Gould, Roseneath.

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Mr. E. W. Hagarty, B. A., '83, has been appointed fellow by courtesy in the department of Latin and Greek at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

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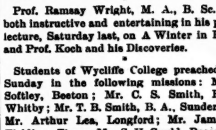
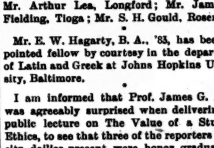
I am informed that Prof. James G. Hume was agreeably surprised when delivering his public lecture on The Value of a Study of Ethics, to see that three of the reporters of the city dailies present were honor graduates of the department in which he is professor. So much for the study of philosophy. JUNIOR.



Engineer (as he rounds the curve)—Good heavens, Bill! There's a man on the track, and I can't reverse in time.



"No harm done, cents. Much obliged for the cut."

Armies of the World

The armies of the world, or rather of the civilized nations, include 3,600,000 men.

THE DRAMA OF A LIFE.

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM,

Author of "John Winthrop's Defeat," "The Stain on the Glass," "Under Oath," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

ACTORS IN A DRAMA.

But, plot as I may, I can find no way
How a blow should fall, such as falls on men.
—*Robert Browning.*

Walker Paling returned to the city sooner than he expected when he started upon his summer's vacation. He had traveled through the west for recreation, and yet for subject-matter for a novel. He met a few of his friends in different cities where he stopped, and made many new ones, but he was restless and dissatisfied. Nothing pleased him for long. The people and the scenery—delightful people, beautiful scenery—lost their interest to him after the very first.

His nature, his character, his life itself, seemed to have changed with the completion of that last novel. It filled his thoughts—haunted him continually. He could not shake it off, try as he would. It was planned for a purpose. He knew it. This was as true to him as was the fact that the appearance of the novel had increased his reputation. It was read and criticised, and he was criticised. He knew that, too. At times he believed that it was no novel; that it was real life; that he was the hero.

At such times he felt a morbid certainty that he could only dispel with a fierce struggle, that he was going mad; that his overtaxed brain could endure no more, and that he would be free from the intensity of this blow. Physically he had changed very much, as well as mentally. The easy conversational power that made him such a charming companion before were replaced by a gravity that was almost depressing. Sometimes he would even start when he was addressed, as though his mind was wandering so far that it was painful to recall it. These things were noted and criticized, as well as the peculiarities of his novel. And in this way he grew to shun society, and by degrees drifted back to New York much sooner than he had p'anned to do.

The greater number of his friends were among the mountains or at the seashore, and the popular novelist lived very quietly in his suite of rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. But it would have been much better for him to have continued in his traveling, for the quiet life increased rather than diminished the gloomy train of thought and his excessive nervousness. He prepared notes for a new manuscript, but did even this in such a nervous mode, dis'jo'nted fashion as to tend to intensify his already unsettled mind.

He was growing irritable in temper and difficult to please. Downing often assured himself that he would endure such a life no longer; but Downing was attached to his master, and the threat passed harmlessly. Then, one day, as late summer was almost imperceptibly merging into autumn, a new shock changed the entire course of Walker Paling's life. And yet, when it came upon him, it seemed to him that it was for this he had been waiting all summer. It fell upon him suddenly, and left him stunned for a time, but he rose out of it a new man, stronger, nobler and more self-reliant. It was terrible, but necessary to his future happiness.

Paling was sitting at his desk, aimlessly turning over the neatly cut slips upon which his notes were written; he was reading fragments of them as he turned them over in his hands, adding to this one or that as he thought advisable. He was arguing with himself whether or not he should begin upon this new manuscript at once or leave it until his mind was more clear.

As the latter thought came to him he smiled bitterly, thinking how hopeless it was that ever his mind should clear of the shadow upon it. And then it was that Downing entered, announcing that there were callers for his master.

Paling frowned impatiently, and bade his man say that he was engaged, as thought would be disturbed. There were no friends of his, Downing assured him—no one whom he had ever seen so far as he could remember, and why should he be troubled by strangers when he could scarcely endure the presence of his friends under such circumstances as the present?

But Downing found it rather more difficult to detain the callers than such a simple duty had seemed. They firmly refused to leave without seeing Paling, and hearing the continued conversation at the door, Paling himself, greatly annoyed, passed into his sitting-room that he might inform the troublesome callers that he could not be detained from his work. But as he entered from his inner room, those at the outer door would not be put off by the valet, but entered very quietly and with an authority that he dared not resist. The astonished and rather angry novelist paused half-way across the room, eying the intruders.

"I beg your pardon," said one of the strangers, courteously, but with that peculiarly impressive air of authority that made itself felt from the first. "This is Mr. Paling, I believe?"

"That is my name, sir," was the cold reply. "May I inquire what brought you here in my private room in this strange manner?"

The stranger bowed. He made a deprecating gesture with one hand, and his gray eyes darkened.

"I came to explain my errand," he said quietly. "If you will grant us a few moments' private conversation with you, you shall hear what brought us to you."

The angry frown deepened upon Paling's brow. Half scornfully he motioned toward the inner room.

"What possible private conversation you can have with me," he said, haughtily, "I cannot imagine, gentlemen. But you are at liberty to make your errand known."

"I shall make it known in as few words as possible," said the stranger quietly. "I think not you, Mr. Paling, but doubtless you have forgotten me. It was only during one evening, and you meet too many people to remember one. My name is Graham—Dr. Graham, as you will see by this card." With the same quiet, courteous authority, he laid a strip of card upon the desk near which he stood, for he would not accept Paling's cold request for them to be seated.

"My friend is Dr. Farwell, Mr. Paling. We are residents of the town in Connecticut where a friend of yours has an estate. I think, even though you have forgotten me, you have not forgotten Lee Price!"

A slow, deep red dawned in Paling's face, and for an instant his eyes wavered before Dr. Graham's flashing, steady gaze. Then in a side glance over him the remembrance of what he had endured, how much he had suffered through the sister of Lee Price, and with clenched hands and eyes burning with anger, he turned upon them.

"Have I forgotten Lee Price?" he demanded, with sternly suppressed passion. "Ask me if I have forgotten the brother of the devil, and I shall answer: 'No!' Ask me if I have forgotten the subtle poison of a serpent that once has stung me, and 'No!' and 'No!' I shall still reply! The name signifies to me the culmination of every evil under the sun!"

The two physicians stood erect and motionless during this outburst of passion. They had anticipated possible anger upon the part of the novelist, but anger towards themselves, not toward the woman who had left her home for him.

"I regret if I have wakened unpleasant memories, Mr. Paling," said Graham, gravely, "but we have a mystery to clear up, and you are the one to whom to come, I believe. You have recently issued a novel, under the peculiar title of The Drama of a Life. Of course, you know that it has created a good deal of critcism. I have not come to tell you this. But I understand circumstances. Also—very distinctly and slowly he spoke—"that it was written for a purpose. Is this true, Mr. Paling?"

For a moment Dr. Graham and Morgan were deadly pale, and he reached out his hand to steady himself at the desk; then, with a strong effort he regained his self-control, and answered them. His voice sounded strange and constrained, even to himself.

"One's work always should be for a purpose, Dr. Graham," he said. "In that respect, I trust that my work is no different from that of others, and I fail to recognize your right to interfere with either my work or myself."

Dr. Graham bowed gravely.

"I have asked your pardon, Mr. Paling," he said. "We come under peculiar circumstances. Lee Price has been ill from the effect of most subtle poison administered by a member of his household, who was bribed by Olive Price, the woman who has so long paraded as your wife—"

"Who is my wife!" interrupted Paling, in a low tone, his hands falling to his side, a painful expression of pride and humiliation and sorrow in his eyes.

Graham's face changed instantly. His gesture of entreaty for pardon was eloquent kindly.

"I regret my hasty words," he said, in a voice peculiarly gentle. "I judged from rumor, Mr. Paling. But what I wished to say was this: Lee Price is not dying. We are left to believe, from this novel of yours, whose plot is so remarkably like the real plot, that you planned this act, or rather that Olive Price made him the slightest hesitation, the faintest pause—"your wife! This latter charge is made by one who has reason to know her power, and we call upon you to bear what you have to say in answer. It is a grave matter, in which a life lies in the balance against death, but we grant you the opportunity of speaking out, if you can. I trust that it will be possible for you to do so."

"The evidence is unmistakable, regarding the attempted poisoning," added Dr. Farwell. "The proof must be as powerful, to clear those who are accused of the act."

Paling drew back from them haughtily. His eyes were dark with anger once more. All trace of humiliation was gone.

"Why should you accuse me of such an act?" he demanded fiercely. "Because I write of murder and plan such deeds in fiction as any novelist does, is it reasonable that I should attempt them in real life? Pardon me, gentlemen, but your zeal overbalances your good judgment.

"Your grounds for the accusation," said Dr. Graham evenly, still instinctively respecting the proud man before them, "are the knowledge that you have displayed this deed in your novel and that the woman who assisted you in the composition—pardon me again for referring to this—has for much of your work, is the woman who desires her brother's death The proof is very clear and looks rather black for you. Where is"—that slight pause between the words—"your wife?

Paling, sensitive upon this subject very evidently, frowned darkly and his hands again were clenched.

"But I swear to you, gentlemen," he began, vehemently, yet as though he was speaking between his teeth. Then he paused. Speech died upon his lips as he looked over his shoulder before the accusing presence of the woman herself.

She entered among them, pallid and silent, her eyes looking miles beyond them, utterly oblivious of them as she paused in the doorway, no sound betraying her presence.

"Mrs. Paling!" exclaimed Jack Graham, under his breath, falling back a step as he saw her.

Dr. Farwell said nothing, but quick comprehension of the scene flashed upon him.

"Olive! Olive!" Paling muttered, in a sweet, almost appealing tone, as though there was no hope for him when she was near. His pride and anger died away. The gloomy despair on his face was pathetic. It moved even the physicians to sympathy. They knew enough of the woman to give him their pity, unasked.

"I have heard your accusation," the woman said, in the same quiet voice, looking at no one but Paling, and upon his eyes her own turned intensely. "I have come, Walker Paling, to prove your perfidy." Just now you would have sworn to a lie had I not known of your intention and thwarted you! Listen! My brother is poisoned! Perhaps he is dead at this moment! I hope that this is so! There is no love between us—nothing but hate! He hates me as much as such a weak nature can hate; and I"—she spread her hands toward them in a passionate gesture, though her eyes never moved from Paling's eyes—"I hate him so fiercely that with my own hands I could poison him—strangle him—be rid of him in any way so that he be dead!

"You swore to me that he should die! You wrote this novel for me, with the hope that I might learn the ancient art of secret poisoning! I learned it under the tuition of a friend! I kept the knowledge to myself for fear I thought the world should know! There are many people who would be better dead. Death is easy to arrange if one is patient. I gave you the knowledge of poisonous drugs that you might know what to do when the time arrived. You have your novel; the plot was excellent; but the novel was nothing without the act which followed. You were to be the hero of a real drama—as you know! When the act is completed you shall answer the accusation—for you are guilty!

Paling's face was covered by his hands. That old belief that had been with him so constantly that the novel was but a dream, and he was the actual actor in an actual drama, returned upon him and he had no word to offer in self-defence—did not even know to a certainty whether or not he were guilty as the woman said. He was utterly humiliated. His hands trembled with agitation. His lips could form no word. Was that proof, he asked himself, that he committed this act?

But as she finished, Paling turned upon her in contrite self-abasement and humiliation. She was his wife as he had affirmed to these men. The truth was never spoken, for she refused to be his wife, though he claimed as his wife, but she was his wife, and he must defend her honor against any slur upon it! His eyes did not flinch from hers now.

"Olive!" he said in a voice that proved his powerful self-restraint. "Olive, can you not be merciful? Have I no' obeyed you up to this last command? Could I commit murder even for you?"

"Yes," she said coldly, with a scornful gesture. "If I desire it, Walker Paling, my power over you is always supreme. I came to you from the border of the spirit land; how could you successfully combat an ambassador of justice from heaven? You accomplished my design, but you are no murderer. My brother poisoned my father. Belladonna is poisonous, but quickly fatal. Yet such was justice, for my father often made my mother unhappy. Should my brother die, would not I, too, be justice? Did I tell you that the novel would be useful, did it not impel others to like action?"

Paling looked upon the woman was his only answer. Could he truthfully say that this was not so? Her flaming eyes were upon his; what could he answer?

But as Dr. Graham, up to this time a silent listener with his companion, stepped forward to lay a detaining hand upon the woman's arm, she turned without a trace of haste, and crossing the outer room before they could stop her, she passed through the door and was gone, leaving them gazing blankly at the closed door.

"We shall make no scene," said Doctor Graham quietly, turning upon the motionless novelist, "but we must hold you to answer this charge, Mr. Paling."

CHAPTER XXIII.

DEVELOPMENTS.

Knowledge and power have rights;
But ignorance and weakness have rights, too.
—*Robert Browning.*

"By the lord Harry!"

Ned Newton sank down upon an upturned box just outside the entrance to the stables and eyed his friends in consternation and admiration. Jim Burnside and Morgan and Mayhew were loitering about the stable doors, deep in the exciting mysteries of horses and their habits.

At Newton's exclamation they turned to him for an explanation. It was not usual for Mr. Ned Newton to be in such a state of extreme excitement. He was fanning himself with his hat and panting with absurd exaggeration, nodding his head now and then in emphatic approval of himself and his conduct.

"And pray, what's the matter with the lord Harry or the old Harry, Ned?" queried Morgan, in some impatience at his friend's silence. "One might think that you had tumbled from the skies in a whirlwind, from the way you came among us."

"And one might think much worse and go a good deal further from the truth," retorted Newton scornfully. "I've made a discovery!"

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed Mayhew, laughing. "Has it anything to do with gravitation or the laws of attraction and force?"

"Hush!" said Burnside authoritatively. "Don't rattle the modern Newton! Listen and learn, little boy, of the great discoverer!"

"It is well enough to joke about it now, if you choose," said Newton, with an expansive gesture; "but it is really no joking matter, you fellows. It is only a morsel of real fact that I can tell you, but that was enough to lead to see through the whole mystery. If you care to hear it I'll tell you; if you don't, all that you have to do is to say so, and I'll let you alone."

"But we do want to hear, of course, Ned," said Mayhew gravely. "The very smallest morsel that will clear up this mystery will be most gratefully received by me."

"And the rest of us," added Morgan with equal gravity.

"Well!" Newton threw one leg over the other knee and clasped his hands around it in his favorite attitude when interested or excited. "We all have seen Price's strange illness. Most of us have had some knowledge of the cause, but none of us, unless it was Hastings, positively knew if there was anything more than met the eye. We have discussed it rather scarce about it and kept a close mouth, but it is my opinion that the whole thing is a sort of melo-drama, with Price as hero, Graham and Tom as the friends and Conyers as the villain. I've had my eyes open from the beginning, and I think that it is, all through, a rather pretty business."

"I suppose that you mean poisoning by the wicked uncle, or some such nursery rhyme," Morgan interposed sarcastically. "Don't stray into the drama and we may believe you, Newton."

"You can believe me or not, as you choose," said Newton, with sturdy conviction. "If you haven't imagined some such thing yourself, Morgan, it's simply because you are too stupid!"

Morgan flushed and started forward, but Burnside reached out one long arm easily and detained him, drawing down his black brows heavily.

"Go on, Ned," he said calmly. "Don't be wrathy, Herb. Children and fools will sometimes speak the truth!"

"And you can shut up your ears if you don't want to hear," said Newton coolly. "But this about Price I tell you, I've brought the upper hall just now, and as I passed his door I heard pretty considerable talking inside. Conyers was there, I know, and Tom and Jack—though I didn't see Graham come—and a woman's voice—the nurse, I suppose! It was decidedly unusual, but I didn't consider it my business to inquire into it, so I came downstairs."

"As I came along around the back of the house, almost cut out from the front, I heard there was a good deal of excitement in the servants' hall also! Of course, this was too much for my curiosity, so I stopped to inquire the reason."

He paused to recover breath after this rapid utterance, but Burnside interrogated impatiently:

"Well?"

"Well!" Newton arose, shaking himself with considerable nonchalance. "Children and fools do sometimes know enough to keep their knowledge to themselves, Bob! As to what followed my inquiries, you fellows will have to discover for yourselves. It is worth your while to investigate the matter, but, as for me, I am really too much fatigued with the weight of the truth to tell you more. Here's Black Jess getting on, Jim! Have her groomed and saddled for me, please, at two this afternoon. That's my lad!"

And dexterously removing a silver quarter from his pocket to the boy's hand, Newton turned back, whistling, toward the house, leaving his friends in a state of indignation at his indifference.

"I don't believe that his 'discovery' amounts to that!" said Morgan, contemptuously snapping his fingers.

"It's just one of his funny jokes," added Mayhew, with a good-natured laugh, after a momentary anger. "This mystery regarding Price bothers Ned constantly, and he is obliged to amuse himself manufacturing solutions, or he would become insane. It is a harmless amusement."

"Harmless to him, perhaps," growled Burnside, "but decidedly dangerous to the manner of the others, let me tell you, Mr. Mayhew. It won't pay to try it on me many times."

But Mayhew was not to be moved from his good nature, and only dipped his hands deep into his pockets and strolled toward the boathouse, softly whistling a bar from the latest popular song.

"That's just like Mayhew," said Morgan crossly. "I suppose Miss Kittie Florence has something to do with his good spirits, for he has been untiring in his attentions to her lately."

"If she is the cause," said Burnside philosophically, "doubtless he is of the opinion that Miss Harte has used you meanly, Herb, considering your temper."

"Which is no worse than your own," retorted Morgan, industriously chewing a wisp of hay, as he leaned against the stable entrance and eyed his companion with a challenging look.

"That's so," replied Burnside readily, with a shrug of his shoulders, also recovering his good humor. "It's not worth quarreling about, Herb."

"No," said Herb sullenly; "I suppose not. Confounded! But I won't stand much of that from him."

And peace was restored among themselves, if not in the master's room.

The windows of this room were open to the early autumn winds, that crept in so softly it seemed impossible to believe that summer had stepped by that late garden flower, making the air still delicate with perfume. There was the faintest tinge of richer color on the myrtle leaves, sweeping outside, and the pinaxa vines swung pathetically from the pillars to and fro, very softly, after a heavy rain.

Inside, but tumult in the hearts of those within the large, cool room.

The young master was sitting in the reclining chair near one of the long windows, looking remarkably well for an invalid, and Dr. Graham stood beside him, with one hand on the back of his chair, the other unconsciously used to emphasize his words. Tom Hastings, with his back against the door and listening excitedly to what Graham was saying. Mrs. Leonard, the housekeeper, was standing a little back with Mrs. Carmichael, the nurse. Mrs. Estabrook had returned to her home on being assured by the physician that her nephew would recover.

"And this is what you have been doing—you and Mrs. Carmichael," said Price slowly, his eyes flashing upon his friend. "And Tom! I owe you my life—you three! How can I ever repay you!"

"By taking better care of it in the future, my dear boy," replied Graham, laughing. "But I do owe a great deal of your recovery to Tom or me that you owe your life. She came to me with a most important disclosure when I was about retiring of most unusually exciting you. But before I explain this part of the plot, I should like to call in one or two of your servants, Price. You have not yet been fully enlightened."

A shadow touched the young man's face lifted to his friend. His eyes darkened and flashed. He raised one hand as though to protest, and then commanding his momentary emotion, he said quietly:

"Call in any one whom you desire, Jack. I am in your debt so deeply, that this is little indeed to grant. Still, I hope, deeper gravity in his voice, "I do sincerely hope that you are preparing of most terrible against Conyers. He has been a faithful fellow, Graham. I know that you do not like him, but you have forgotten that I have stated that plainly from the first. I trust that you have learned of your injustice."

Graham frowned. He closed his lips sternly as he turned toward the bell-cord. But when he turned back to his friend, his face was very gentle.

"So far as lies in my power, Lee," he said, "no injustice shall be done to any one. In such a matter as this, one is sometimes forced by circumstances to suspect even one's own people."

"Yes," said Price, in a low voice, his face for an instant turned aside. "I know that, Jack. But I know that you do not like Conyers, and I have found him always faithful. He is a man of few words, but I feel assured that many times I should have yielded to the influence of this drug but for him. He was ready day or night to attend me."

"Yes," said Dr. Graham concisely. "I have no doubt of that, Price, nor of the kindness that prompts you to intercede for him. At present, however, I must use my own judgment and knowledge."

Price bowed.

"I should not complain of that," he said quietly; "and I think best, Jack. I am sure that will be well."

Emma came in answer to Dr. Graham's ring, and was sent to summon Conyers and also to return herself with him. The girl was evidently startled by this summons, but turned at once to obey the order, glancing once in a half-frightened way toward the valet nurse, whose eyes were upon her with peculiar keenness

Dr. Graham, now constantly on the alert, saw this glance and did not betray his knowledge. Presently he would unmask the actors in this drama, and he could wait until the moment arrived to ring down the curtain and end the play. He smiled grimly, thinking of this; and as Mrs. Carmichael's bright eyes turned from the girl, they caught this hard smile, and her eyes fell in a startled way to the friend. very pale, but strong and true, among the cushions of his chair; and the quiet light returned to her face and eyes. She could wait

"I summoned you, Conyers," Dr. Graham said sternly, as the valet entered the room in his usual silent, respectful, unembarrassed manner. "I summoned you, Conyers," the girl paused hesitatingly just inside the door, "Unless your conscience accuses you, you need not fear. Your master is almost recovered."

Conyers bowed respectfully, his eyes for a moment meeting his master's smiling eyes. Emma stood irresolutely fingering her apron, her eyes fixed downward.

"You know that your master has been ill—dangerously ill—poisoned!"

Emma lifted her eyes, for an instant, to Conyers' face. Conyers was immovably, respectfully attentive.

"Now," Graham took one step forward, his flashing eyes upon the two before him, raising his hand authoritatively, "tell me at once all that you know regarding this, Conyers!"

"I was, sir."

Conyers paused. His usual readiness was gone. He in turn glanced down at the disconsolate girl near him. Then he straightened himself, and met the doctor's eyes calmly.

"I have nothing to say, sir," he replied.

Dr. Graham's brows lowered over the flashing eyes.

"You were with your master, night and day, attending him during these strange attacks, and still have nothing to say. Very well, Conyers! I shall answer for you, presently!"

The valet's eyes were as steady as his own and there was no change in his quietly respectful face.

"And now," Graham turned swiftly upon the girl, so swiftly that she shrank back from him, "surely you have something to say, Emma! Keep nothing from us. We must know all!"

Once more her eyes sought the eyes of the valet, but Conyers might have been forever a stranger to her for all sign he gave of her presence, or of her present revelation; and with a half-shy dignity attractive in the girl, Emma answered the physician.

(To be Continued.)

A Caprice of Des iny

Straight and sturdy, like one of the Vikings of old, he rode out of the shadow and drew bridle rein at the door of an old chateau on the edge of a wood in Normandy.

His big saddle bow hung two hares and a pheasant, and he carried his trusty firearms like a cavalier of the days of Louis Quinze. But he wore no gold laced court costume, nor even the hunting suit of *ic cohan*; his dresses betokened a gentleman, and his bearing that he was one of the nobility.

Noiselessly, as if he had risen from the stones of the courtyard, an old servitor stood at his horse's head and asked the pleasure of monsieur.

"A night's lodging, good friend. If I have dined, and need no further bite or sup, but I am weary, and would sleep beneath your hospitable roof."

"My master's roof," said the man quietly.

"So be it. Here I shall dismount so that my horse be fed and stabled as for a friend," and he laid a gold piece in the old servitor's hand.

Nay, he intended to do so, but the gold fell ringing on the pavement.

"Gold cannot buy entrance here, monsieur," said the man, "but follow me, young sir, and, as you leave before daylight, or rather before the master rises, I will stable your horse and make you where to sleep."

"I am of the house of Mauprez,' said the stranger proudly.

"This is the chateau of the Duc De Gui e."

"I will send my card to your master."

"He would not receive it. He is an invalid."

"Very well, show me where I am to sleep, friend or foe, I care not; a rug on the floor will do, with my saddle for a pillow."

But the room to which the young sportsman was shown was the best chamber of the chateau, and he was provided with a down bed and a silken coverlet.

Before he slept the young sportsman sought again the long hall through which he had passed on his way to his room, to make sure that he knew by heart which exit he was to leave next morning. Full-leng h portra'ts of beautiful women and brave men, l ned it on either side. One attracted his attention, and he stood spell-bound, gazing with his soul in his eyes, for it seemed endowed with life.

It was a girl framed in a doorway, who was smiling full into his eyes. She was deliciously human, with red quivering l ps and a dimpled chin, and mirthful eyes. Her hair hung about her face in a mass of curls. She wore a pink gown, one of those delicate colors that is at once the adoration and despair of the painter, and it was belted about her small delusive waist with a rosette of ribbon. Wilful, capricious beauty, but sweet and sinless. "Oh, can such a woman be dust?" thought young Mauprez, and took one step toward her, and then—his candle was knocked from his hand, and went out at his feet.

"I beg your pardon, monsieur," said the old servitor, "but it was an accident. Monsieur will permit me to show him to his room again?"

Before he slept the young man tried his door. It was locked on the outside.

The old man knocked softly at the guest's door in the morning and led the way out, but not through the portrait hall. A strange sense of disappointment sank into the young man's heart. He was in love for the first time in his life, and with a picture!

When he was mounted, the old servitor touched his cap.

"If monsieur will leave his card it may be that some time the master would be able to look at it with—plaisir."

Ah, had he known who had asked for that card! Ah, had he known the day of his death, the bit of pasteboard bearing the name of the only man who could have been her soul-mate.

Suffering For Their Sentiments.

Mr. B.—My dear, how does it happen that those two handsome women are left all alone in that corner?

Mrs. B.—Well, they are strong Woman's Rights women, and said they did not care about meeting any men.

Mr. B.—But, my dear, did you believe them?

Mrs. B.—Of course not; but I thought I'd punish them awhile.

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And After?

Brereton quietly closed the door of the room upon his departing visitor, and went back to his chair. Even now that it was all over, it did not occur to him that it might have been arranged in a different manner—one that would have wrought no such dire result as was inevitable. He was usually slow to know anger, but all his manhood had striven at the insult indirectly aimed at his wife, and without giving the speaker time to retract his hasty words he had challenged him.

The scene had taken place late in the afternoon of this same day, and two of Brereton's warmest friends had been witnesses to it. None of them was under thirty-five years of age, and still not one had felt that the affair could have terminated otherwise. If they had been in their own country, it might possibly have appeared in a different light; but they were Americans who had accidentally met in Paris, and they had fallen in with the customs of the country. The seconds were appointed, all arrangements perfected, and now, at eleven o'clock, Brereton was alone with his thoughts.

Only a moment before he had laughed in derision at his friend's question as to whether he felt any nervousness; but as he lit his cigar he noticed, with a frown, that his fingers trembled slightly. But, he reasoned, at any other time his hand might not have been quite steady, and it would have attracted no special attention; at any rate, it would not do for him to begin to analyze his feelings.

He settled himself comfortably into his chair before the table and took up his pen, holding it poised for a moment above the paper. Then he slowly replaced it upon the stand, his fingers still on it, however—there really was no reason in writing a letter to his wife, a letter that might possibly be discovered before he had yet returned from the meeting, and fill her with unnecessary alarm.

And suddenly the thought flashed upon him that he might not return. Not once during the afternoon or early evening had this possibility presented itself to him, and he endeavored to dismiss the unpleasant suggestion; but the fact was forced upon him that because he had not taken it into his consideration rendered it none the less probable.

He placed the blotter underneath his hand and hurriedly caught up the pen; but when the date and hour were written he paused. How difficult it seemed to write to her. First, he must frame some plausible excuse for the duel—she must never know of the taunt that had been directed at her because of her parents' sin. Second—no, he mentalized, breaking upon his agitated reverie—no, he would not write until 'she had returned from the opera; he must calm himself for their meeting.

He walked to the mirror, expecting to see himself somewhat discomposed, but he looked collected and calm. It was a trifle, yet it reassured him, and he paced the room with firm steps, awaiting his wife's return.

It was, perhaps, some fifteen minutes later that footsteps echoed along the corridor and halted at the door.

"You are not to come in, uncle; I wish to interview my truant alone. I am not afraid of him; it is he who will be uneasy—fearful of the anger of a neglected woman."

She knocked playfully, softly opened the door, and entered, her eyes filled with a pretty pretense of reproach and unaffected happiness at being with him again. He did not move forward to meet her, but, dropping his cigar, held out his arms as she advanced toward him.

"Aha, you did miss me, then!" she murmured; "it was only just that you should be punished, for it is not proper for a wife of my high standing to be avoided on the plea of business. And, do you know, she went on, gravely, retreating a little, "now that I should you were closeted with Mr. Hamilton all evening, I am troubled, for I know he is popularly supposed to be on terms of great familiarity with his Satanic Majesty. He was not plotting the destruction of my peace of mind, was he?"

"No," he replied, with a strange feeling of despair entering his heart; "no——" His arms fell away from her and he went over to the table.

The young wife followed him, drawing off her gloves and loosening the long, white wrap, heavy with fur, a little surprised at his remissness.

"You are now quite through with your learned researches, are you not?" she queried.

"I fear I shall have to hang up the same placard as the express trains—'Closed by daylight,'" he answered, with affected gaiety. "It is not that I have so much to do, but, as you are aware, I am a slow worker."

"You are so leisurely about all you do; you may be sure of one thing, Gregory—you are such a provokingly slow man you will certainly die a lingering death," she began, whimsically, kneeling on the chair and resting her elbows on the table.

He smiled vaguely, finding it easier to smile than to speak, and it satisfied her.

"I forgot to tell you, Gregory, that Mr. Drummond visited our *loge* during the evening—why, what is the matter that you started so?"

"I was not conscious of doing so. Well, so Drummond visited you, and what had he to say?" he demanded, with forced composure, inwardly cursing the man's insolence in daring to approach the woman whom he had sought to injure.

"We will not speak of him, please, Gregory. He is disagreeable to me. Ever since the time I refused his love, he affects me so; I do not feel safe with him. It is ridiculous, when I have you to guard me."

She had been steadily studying his face since her entrance, and something in it made her anxious. She came to him, and, kneeling in front of him, pleaded: "Gregory, do not keep me continue speaking of Mr. Drummond, in whom we are not interested, when you are worried over some affair. You must not keep anything from me that troubles you. I am very young, but I am your wife, and loving you as I do will make me wise to help you." She laid her cheek against his for a second in dumb entreaty, then went on, regarding him intently: "Gregory, does Mr. Drummond know that you are in trouble? He asked me to-night where you were, and when I said you were detained on business, he smiled so incredulously, he said: 'So Brereton, too, believes that with a woman sincerity is a synonym for foolishness?' I answered him with a look, and presently he left us, but the words lingered with me, and I did not enjoy the music, and begged aunt not to go to the ball, but to take me home to you, and, when I came in here, I was filled with vague forebodings—the very air seemed pressed with sorrow."

"My beloved," the man interrupted, with a calm evenness that was most soothing, "you are excited and nervous over nothing. Am I such an idiot that it is wonderful I have on hand some matters that require instant attention?"

"I have been childish, and yet—and yet, though I know now there is no need for solicitude, I am still disturbed. It seemed to me when I came in that you were endeavoring to hide something from me, but it was merely that I was proceeding with what the Duke of Buckingham called a blundering understanding. Gregory, will not the work wait until morning? You look so weary."

Brereton shook his head.

"I shall leave you, then, that you may finish the sooner. I do not mind confessing to you that I shall be a wee bit fearful without you."

"Shall I lend you a pistol?"

"No, no," she laughed; "I would much rather be shot than shoot. I should never enjoy another peaceful moment if I had some one's death on my conscience, even though it were done in self-defence. Well, good night, Gregory," raising her lips to his and repressing a sigh.

Brereton made no effort to detain her; he failed to return her caress. She looked at him in pitiful perplexity and made her way to the door, but when there she paused, and, turning her head, said, with a touch of hauteur in her voice: "Mr. Drummond asked me if I still kept up my little pleasantry about your being so excessively polite that you would send J. P. C. cards when you felt death approaching, but you have not been even ordinarily thoughtful to-night," ending with a tremulous little break in her voice.

Brereton sprang up and went to her. "My beloved, I have been negligent to night, but never before have I recognized the depth of my love for you," in a dreamy undertone of ineffable gentleness. "Why does your mind dwell so upon death?" At the wonderment in her eyes, he continued: "Perhaps you were unconscious of it, but your conversation has been most gloomy."

He took her in his arms and kissed her once with strange intensity, then opened the door.

"Good-night, Gregory," she faltered, as she stood on the threshold, adding, as if it were an afterthought, "May the Lord love you and not call for you too soon."

Brereton closed the door almost fiercely, and fell into a chair.

Good God! What had Hamilton and Whitney been thinking of to let him take up Drummond's cry, sang in his ears, he would be only when one or the other was lifeless. What if her parents had sinned?—they had shown their penitence, and but few people had known of it. Drummond had spoken the truth, and it could not be refuted; but, in doing so, had confessed himself a knave. What was to be gained by the death or dishonor of the man? Nothing but a possibility of the mistake that had been committed twenty-three years ago being fully concealed, and the chance of the world's imputing wild motives for the firing of the shots. A great many people knew that Drummond was attentive to her in her girlhood; they might say——

The man clutched the sides of the table in speechless agony, and still the thoughts were on. He would be killed—killed at a time when there was so much for him to live for, and through his death her young life would be ruined.

He started up. He would ring for a servant to carry word to Hamilton that there would be no meeting—it was a ridiculous plan to think to wipe out a wrong by a duel. Hamilton and Whitney had acted like children in listening to the ravings of an excited man. Thank God! it was not too late to remedy the termination he had devised. By the exercise of a little diplomacy, Hamilton could declare the meeting off. They would call him a coward; well, it was so, he was a coward; he was not ashamed to confess it—he was a coward for her sake; he had no right to sacrifice her happiness.

He had forgotten the lateness of the hour; he had forgotten all else but that life was inexpressibly dear to him, and he stretched forth his hand to the bell, when the clock in the adjoining room chimed one.

It recalled Brereton to himself. For a short space he seemed in utter darkness, unconscious alike of his sufferings and his fears. The first thing his wondering gaze noted was the sheet of paper he had dashed more than an hour previously. He no longer sought to delude himself by his former sophistries, recognizing the fact that he must see the affair to the bitter end. With a steady hand he began the task of writing to her. A slight smile quivered for a moment on his wan face as he thought of her words as she stood at the door. In all truth he was about to send her his *pour prendre conge* as he felt death approaching.

The unbroken stillness in the house was almost sinister. For more than an hour the man wrote unhesitatingly. Finally he raised his head, a long drawn sigh of anguish parting his lips, the letter was finished, and during the time it had taken to write it he had aged at least ten years.

All dread had left him. As he had written, he had grown accustomed to the thought that, in a few short hours, death would claim him; and the ceaseless iteration and knowledge that it was not to be avoided, made him submit to the inevitable with fearless mien.

He mechanically lifted his wife's wrap that had fallen to the floor and laid it there temptingly, and was about to put out the lights, when, upon looking at his watch, he discovered that it was a quarter past two. Hamilton was to call for him at half-past four.

Swayed by a great desire to see her again, and yet deterred by the thought that it would be cruelty not to risk his lately gained composure cruelly and needlessly, he stood with his hand on the lamp. Discretion triumphed after a hard struggle.

The lights burned low; the voice of the clock in the next room was distinctly audible in the dense quiet that prevailed. The man's breath came quick and fast as he lay back in his chair, his cheek pillowed against the fur of the white wrap. The delicate fragrance that clung about it was most exquisite to his senses; his face worked convulsively, then the sharp lines leassned.

It seemed but a little while later that Hamilton came in. They were driving through a sub urb of Paris with which he was familiar. Hamilton sat by his side. Presently the carriage drew up, and, at a short distance, he descried Drummond and two men whom he had never seen before. The strangers he saw clearly; Drummond wavered before his eyes; at times he was obscured by a misty light that completely enveloped him, but always the features were blurred and indistinct.

The trees were sharply clear and sharp against the sky; the rising sun was reflected on the rippled surface of a small pool of water within view. The distance was marked off, all preliminaries were over, the men took up their positions opposite each other. The signal was given, the shots fired, and Brereton, with a heavy groan, Drummond fell forward upon his face. They raised him up but life was already extinct.

The men faded away and in their place came his wife, but there was an expression of horror and abhorrence depicted in her face that he had never seen before. He tried to grasp her, but she was now a nameless something that kept them apart. Great drops of dew gathered on his brow as he vainly endeavored to reach her. At last it seemed she was within his reach, and then there came the same mystic light that had surrounded Drummond, and beyond it he saw her disappearing, her whole aspect one of profound pity and regret.

With a cry of anguish, Brereton awoke to find himself in the shadowy library. Thank heaven! his hands were not yet stained with Drummond's life-blood that she need flee from him.

He no longer dreaded death; he hardly knew which termination held the more horror for him. He felt that only one would receive a moral blow. If that one were to be Drummond, the remembrance of his frightful end would ever stand between them and the perfect happiness they had hitherto known. If himself——

Why had he allowed it to go thus far? He should have sent a servant to Hamilton an hour ago. It was cowardly of him. Let the man who knew of the quarrel call him a coward if he could thus save her happiness. Duelling was almost obsolete, and the contention that it was a more than wild idea for an American to seek to redress a wrong.

It would now be but a short time before Hamilton's arrival. He looked at the clock on the mantel. It showed that it was twenty-five minutes of six. Worn out by the continuous strain upon him, it at first suggested nothing to Brereton's mind. Presently he stupidly asked himself if it had not been agreed that Hamilton should call for him at half-past four. He remembered. Something had happened; he breathed; something that had mercifully made the meeting an impossibility. He was granted a reprieve; he was saved. He was in a wild transport of joy.

For some time he had no other thought, then a change crept over his face. If the meeting had been postponed, they would have sent him word. It must be that Hamilton had met with an accident. And the others were waiting for him even now at the appointed spot—waiting and listening to Drummond's vile insinuations and sneers. His one thought was to reach them, but he remained motionless, dimly realizing the futility of the struggle. He was himself again, and he wished to avenge Drummond's insult.

He lived through years of wretchedness, and yet the clock marked the same time. He watched the dial, scarcely breathing; he counted sixty, twice sixty, and still the hands were stationary. It had stopped, evidently the night before.

The door opened slowly from the outside and Hamilton entered.

"Whitney tells me that Drummond was at the opera in the early evening, and has since been drinking steadily," he observed, narrowly watching his friend. "Still he is a keen adversary. Are you ready?"

And Brereton, pushing up one of his wife's gloves, which he placed in his breast-pocket, followed him from the room.

Not to be Considered

As George folded the fair young creature to his breast, he heard crackling sound under his ear. "Ah, it's good bye to those imported cigars in my vest pocket," he said grimly; "but darn the expense at a moment like this."

Horrible

Reginald—Why, Chappie, what's the matter—are you ill?

Chappie—I just had an awful nightmare, old fel. I dweampt I was a waitah, bah jove, and had to wear a dwess-suit in the day-time.

Respect That Was Earned.

"You must honor your parents," the Sunday school superintendent said to the new boy. "I am your obey parent, mother."

"Yes, sir!" came the reply with an emphasis that rather startled the questioner.

"And you and your little bro'her here always show her respect, don't you?"

"You bet we does. Why, she kin lick dad, she kin."

Spoons.

Harry—I suppose you know that Jessie was born with a silver spoon in her mouth?

Jack—Yes; and I suspect that isn't the worst of it.

Harry—What do you suspect?

Jack—That it was an ice-cream spoon.

Claiming a Foul.

Young foot-ball player—Say, if you hit me, papa, I'll have you ruled off for slugging!

Father—Who'll do it?

Young foot-ball player—Mamma! She's the referee, an' what she says goes. See?

Shantytown Courtesies.

Mrs. Moloney—Will yez lind me one av your flat irons, Mrs. Casey? Me husbun' used up me lasht one in an argymint wid oul' O'Toole.

Mrs. Casey—Wid pleasure, Mrs. Moloney. O'm always willin' to help any honest work like clanin' clothes or poundin' thim hateful O'Tooles!

He Knew Him.

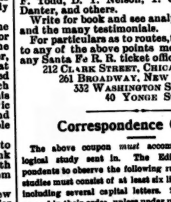
Fleecy—Yes, sir; there is nothing like a thorough command of one's self. I can smoke or let it alone, and drink or let it alone.

Downy—Come over to Charley's and let one alone with me, Fleecy.

A Man to Count On.

"Is that man the train despatcher?"

"Yes. What he says goes."



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The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological study must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their pens and address stamps by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

NAN.—Bits of lemon will take out inkstains from linen. You did not enclose correspondence coupon.

MAPLE LEAF.—1 By latest returns in round numbers the population of Toronto is 180 000 2 For hair restorer see our advertising columns. You forgot coupon.

ROSE AND HOPTRIZE.—It was rather a pity that after writing such capital stories you should regret to enclose coupons. It is not permitted to study handwriting except under above rules.

FLORA.—Birth, wit, ambition, good nature, originality, perspicacity, carelessness, impulse, intuition, caprice and hope are your ancient traits You are fond of pretty clothes, handsome men and soft corners.

BRUEL.—Please take Nydia's delineation, with exception of adaptability, and allow yourself a little tact, and also a little temper. The reason I refer you to that lady's article are almost identical, and I could not spare space to repeat.

KITTEN.—Writing shows good ability, perseverance, honesty and fair good judgment, a little self-will and some desire for effect. Writer has good taste, some humor, lacks intuitive perception, but has fine moral sense. A very good and admirable hand.

AMANDA.—You are almost as foolish as Z Z. What on earth should one believe in counting stars for nine nights for? What would be the object in doing so? I am not going to delineate either of you, to punish you for filling up my time reading such foolishness.

PERD.—This writing shows great energy, decision, obstinacy and perseverance. Writer is strong in prejudice, affection and opinion, does not see a point until he runs against it, has little artistic taste, though may be musical, would be hard, domineering, indulgent and exacting all in a moment, has a lively temper, no patience, and entirely lacks adaptability.

KATE.—Writing shows some imagination and identity, rather a lack of self-control, and a disposition to theorize and dream. Writer is scrupulously honest, however, fond of talk and of easy manner, with some ability and rather good judgment; wasted effort, and a little temper are seen together with a sharpness of criticism and a love of number one, the writer is calmly persistent when she sets her mind on anything, and when she gets her teeth in she holds on to it, no hope or wit are seen.

PHYLLIS MARGUERITE.—You have some of the qualities we admire—independence, patience, perseverance, hopefulness and honor. Your will is strong, your character original, and your judgment good. Your first impulses are not you have no conceit and are very direct and trustworthy, also conscientious. Go ahead and win. At the same time, P. M., remember that you haven't got hard nor very great delicacy of perception, and be careful of the feelings of others. Can you carry success in my old home.

R. P. S. (Wilton avenue).—You did not send *nom de plume*, but I dare say can recognize your initials. Your writing is full of dash, energy, adaptability, and tact, strong will and good judgment. You are persevering and fond of good things, have strong feelings, and are hopeful and have little ambition. You are practical, and you have every promise, so far as graphology reads, of being a success. Your letters are decidedly good, and your patience would further ornament a very able and likeable character.

ESMIE.—It is pleasant to know that your friend's delineation interest her. Your photo. will be very welcome to you! Your nature is deliberate and your thought cramped. All your ideas are constructed and you have rather dwelt on your ancestry. You are discreet, patient, a little fanciful but though lacking impulse, energy and snap, you are faithful and worthy of confidence. Your style is practical, and you are great devotion to forms and ceremonies. Get a little bounce into you, Esmie. You are fair and uninteresting, but have judgment—better things.

FAIRY.—I could not study little girl's writing, my child—there would not be any use. Don't you know that little girls' characters are not formed, and that it would be no more fit for studying them their writing. All the same you are a little girl, by your writing lies. 2. Young girls of nineteen are generally "out" and don't wear their hair braided and turned under and tied with a ribbon, they do it up on top of their heads. Don't make a fool of yourself as a girl isn't out she can do her hair as she pleases, so long as it is becoming.

MARGUERITE ST. JOHN.—You certainly sent me a capital study, but I am delineating from the note which accompanied it, as the other series is little studied. You are sensible, discreet, and when you begin anything are not satisfied with imperfect finish, I don't see the persistent hopefulness I like in such a well-balanced character. You have optimism and pessimism alternately shown. Your energy and pluck are delightful and though you are gifted with a bright fancy, it doesn't run away with you. You have a pretty good opinion of yourself and it helps you to get on in the world at large, but can give your best friend a setting out if you are in the humor Your judgment is not always good, but you are pretty nice altogether.

PRAIRIE ROSE.—1. Perhaps some correspondent will answer your very interesting question. 2. Nydia shall be much obliged to them, as the two sets of grandchildren have given me a bad quarter of an hour. I appeal the question for anyone who will be kind enough to answer it. "There were two widowers, each one had a daughter. A married the daughter and B married A's daughter, what relation exists between A's wife's children and B's wife's children?" 2. Your writing is rather unlovely and lacks culture and refinement. It shows perseverance, indecision, rather a nervous temperament, lack of sympathy, hard and ideality, kindly feeling and kindness are shown, and great sense of humor, nature is rather dependent than hopeful, but unselfish and loyal.

VALERIAN.—You are a loquacious, sensible and amiable creature, with decided will and plenty of intuition and quickness of perception. You have like Nydia, the satisfaction for anyone who will be kind enough to answer it. "There were two widowers, each one had a daughter. A married the daughter and B married A's daughter, what relation exists between A's wife's children and B's wife's children?" 2. Your writing is rather unlovely and lacks culture and refinement. It shows perseverance, indecision, rather a nervous temperament, lack of sympathy, hard and ideality, kindly feeling and kindness are shown, and great sense of humor, nature is rather dependent than hopeful, but unselfish and loyal.

PALMER.—You are a loquacious, sensible and amiable creature, with decided will and plenty of intuition and quickness of perception. You have like Nydia, the satisfaction for anyone who will be kind enough to answer it. 1. Your writing is rather unlovely and lacks culture and refinement. It shows perseverance, indecision, rather a nervous temperament, lack of sympathy, hard and ideality, kindly feeling and kindness are shown, and great sense of humor, nature is rather dependent than hopeful, but unselfish and loyal.

ROSE.—Your *nom de plume* has been used before. Hope you did not think it was your delineation. 1. You could wear any colors that your friends prefer. I should say, if perhaps not too personal. 2. The description was not minute enough to be concealed. You might be very homely with gray blue eyes, very brown hair and very good complexion. Always be ready to forgive, but treat him very coolly until you are sure he deserves your forgiveness. 3. Take no notice of his pouting and be friendly, the lesson will perhaps do him good. You are ambitious and anxious for praise, rather sensible, but too depending, and your temper is faulty. You are unpractical, though persevering, and will get your own way. Though you have confidence of yourself was not conceited, your writing shows large selfishness, prudence and rather a narrow mind. I think perhaps you need a rough experience or two, Fidelia.

NYDIA.—I believe I gave you a list of books long ago which would form you taste and stock your mind usefully, did I not? And now for your graphological study which has had to wait its turn. Your writing shows a generous and large-hearted nature, some ability to rise, great adaptability, which means that you can make the best of circumstances and be tolerably comfortably where a less blessed individual would grumble. You are so dreamer, rather a practical doer, and have great persistence and rather good ability. You cling to opinion once formed, are careful in your speech, and can be trusted with a secret. Your writing is unusually characteristic and a most agreeable study. In affection you are generous and faithful, though not exacting, and your temper is very even and amiable. You have some taste and though no genius, still a broad and sympathetic nature that will carry a healthy influence.

LILIAN.—This writing is not fully developed, but gives promise of a fine character a large and generous nature high animal spirits, determination and honesty, kindness and truthfulness are seen in it. 2. As you don't have given as much time to studying them as I can afford I will lay down my rules for delineating the letter up. You didn't suppose I tied them in packets with ribbon, did you? 2. You ask which is the more useful, a horse or a cow. Well, if you intend to drive in a buggy, or be the meet or canter up and down Queen's avenue, I think a horse would be more useful. If you live in a little village where milk is dear, and you have a family to feed, and have milk, I know a lady who once rode a cow, and she said it was very uneasy, but that was better than rather uncomfortable. Yes, it is a purpose in this country.

JEREMIAH HAYSEED.—Right you are, Jeremiah. The tail of a cow is great fun, but if you want to be amused for instance, the way you make yours shows that you are fond of yourself, but then, maybe I can find an excuse for you, you are ambitious, energetic, self willed, and I should have to predict from your yesterday's actions what you'd be liable to do to-day. You have a good deal of humor, and shows in the way you twist up your finish, and you wou'd not be cross if you had to walk a few minutes for your dinner. Now, aren't you anxious to know what shows that? Well, it's the dots on your t's. You are fond of making a big noise, rather conceited, and a little surprised too. And when you want a thing, you don't stop wanting it till you get it. You may say you are "a bum fiddle" sometimes, but then, apart from your fiddle you only shows that you don't always speak the truth. You have sense of beauty, good intuitive perception and love of a joke, and be a good creature, you have quite too long an answer—good-bye.

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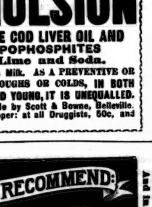

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Music.

THE week has been uneventful in music—that is, the week I have to write about, ending every Wednesday—a state of matters that many who have been busy catering to the community were devoutly thankful for. The rush and hurry of many consecutive concerts are the heaviest tax singers are subjected to, and few can stand it and retain their elegance of delivery. I have often wondered how some of the well known opera singers manage to sing every night in the week with two matinees added. I am not speaking of singing well, but referring to the merely mechanical function of singing so many notes and words. Singing well—singing artistically and with the proper refinement of tone and enunciation—is out of the question under these circumstances, and I dare say that many of those who go to the opera house and criticize what we hear and see, do not make sufficient allowance for the utter weariness with which many an evening's performance is begun. As the evening wears on this may pass off somewhat, but the coarsening so to speak, of the effect has been established and cannot be eradicated until the end of the season, or sooner, if the company meet with the prevalent luck of to-day.

•

Last week in this paper an extract from an American paper was published, the author of which intended to make out that singers who objected to sing every night were only working out an affectation, while the actresses who played the whole week through were examples of heroism. The actresses may be more heroic for aught I know. I have never been an actress, but the writer of the article I refer to never was a singer, or if he was one, never felt the true art and delicacy of his profession. The peculiarities and fussy, fidgety, finnicking ways of the best singers are in the majority of cases only the watchfulness of people who feel that they must give the public their very best in return for the large sums of money they invest in them, else the first to cry out about "waning powers, etc.," will be the very critics who now raise their voices and howl about the affectation of singers. The training of the voice is by no means the most difficult factor in the success of a singer. Its conservation is more difficult and entails endless self-denial and care.

•

All of which has little to do with the one or two items that come under our notice. The musical part of the Public Debate at Osgoode Hall on Friday of last week was a pleasing success, Mrs. Caldwell being the principal feature. The Osgoode Glee Club, under Mr. Schuch, showed a degree of nervousness that one hardly expects to see in the law student as we know him, and that materially lessened the good effect that should have been expected from the voices under Mr. Schuch's direction. In number the club was not up to its standing of last year's first Public Debate, and it would be a good thing to secure the other good voices we know of in the ranks of the Embryo lawyers, and make up a really effective chorus. Mrs. Caldwell gave a thoroughly charming rendering of Proch's Air and Variations, singing the difficult florid work with the utmost ease and certainty. Her duett, A. B. C., with Mr. Schuch was well received, its humorous character making it very acceptable. The Misses Gordon gave an excellent rendition of Raff's Tarantelle, op. 82, and Miss Nellie Gordon provided excellent accompaniments to the solos, the club's singing being accompanied by Mr. H. Woodland.

•

Mr. Cyril E. Rudge, for the past eight years solo tenor of the Church of the Holy Trinity, has been engaged at the Church of the Redeemer.

•

The first concert of the Haslam Vocal Society, which takes place in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, December 8, promises to be of unusual interest. The chorus has, been in active rehearsal for the past three months and may be expected to give a finished rendering of the fine programme allotted to it. The solo numbers will be furnished by the Ovide Musin Concert Company, comprising the eminent violinist, Musin, and his charming wife, well known here as Mme. Annie Louise Tanner, prima donna soprano; Mlle. Inez Parmater, mezzo-soprano; George Depuis, the great French tenor; Emil Senger, basso, Metropolitan Opera Company, New York; and Eduard Scharf, pianist. Plan opens to subscribers at Suckling's, December 2, and to the general public on December 5.

•

The Toronto Vocal Society, under Mr. Edgar Buck, this year shows no less activity than in former years. The secretary tells me that they have had an average attendance at rehearsals of one hundred and thirty-nine, with by far the larger attendance at the present end. Its first concert takes place on Thursday, December 17, when the soloists will be Miss Olive Fremstadt, a young Swedish contralto of pleasing presence and beautiful voice, who is now making an immense success in the States, and Mr. Victor Herbert, the well known 'cello soloist.

•

Mr. Buck's lecture concert has been postponed to Wednesday, December 2.

•

Mr. Frederick Boscovitz's second pianoforte concert will take place on Monday evening, December 21, and will be devoted principally to the works of Chopin. METRONOME.

The Modern Drama.

Here is a selection from the modern drama.

Act 1.—Scene 1.

Marguerite Dalay alone in the grand saloon of her father's palatial mansion. Enter man servant with a card on a gold salver.

Marguerite (reading the card)—Show him up, Alphonse.

Alphonse (apologetically)—I can't do it, Miss. I'm no editor and Mr. Algernon ain't a candidate on the opposition ticket.

Marguerite (repressing her emotion)—Show the gentleman in, I tell you.

Alphonse (bowing)—Certainly, Miss.

Enter Algernon, who rushes towards her, two steps at a time.

Algernon—Are you alone, Marguerite, or are you by yourself.

Marguerite (hesitating)—Neither, Algernon.

Algernon (suspiciously)—Then another is here?

Marguerite (trembling)—Yes, Algernon.

Algernon (starting back and repulsing her as she steps towards him)—Hold, perfidious one! Do not touch me! Who is the wretch? Who is he that is here?

Marguerite (in a whisper)—You darling; I have not been alone since you came in.

Algernon (extending his arms)—Marguerite!

Marguerite (springing forward)—Algernon!

They fall upon each other's necks, when Alphonse opens door C, begs pardon hastily and disappears, while they attempt to dissemble; but it is too late, for Alphonse is on and goes off to inform the maid. They sit down on a *fauteuil*.

Algernon (intensely)—Do you love me, Marguerite?

Marguerite (kissing him impulsively)—Oh, Algernon!

Algernon—And you do not love me for my fortune, darling?

Marguerite (tenderly)—No, Algernon; but for your salary alone.

Both rise and come to front of stage.

Algernon (passionately)—Darling, darling. Then you consent to be my widow?

Marguerite (throwing herself impetuously into his arms and hiding her face on his manly bosom)—Gladly, Algernon.

Enter Alphonse (hurriedly, and without rapping). They dissemble again.

Alphonse—I beg your pardon, Miss, but there is a man at the front door with a gun.

Algernon (excitedly)—Is it loaded, Alphonse?

Alphonse—The man is, sir.

Algernon (bravely stepping in front of Marguerite)—Then fire him, Alphonse.

Alphonse bows and disappears.

Marguerite (clasping her hands)—Oh Algernon, what a hero you are!

Algernon (with cruel indifference)—I have to be, Marguerite, to be so heroic.

Marguerite (anxiously)—But have you no fear, Algernon?

Algernon (still calm)—Never, when I'm not afraid, darling.

Marguerite (rapturously)—You are so beautiful, Algie.

Algernon—That is because I'm so handsome darling. But I must go away, love, or leave the house. Which shall it be?

Marguerite (thoughtfully)—Leave the house, darling, because papa don't like to live in a tent.

Algernon (taking her hand in his)—And do you love your papa so?

Marguerite (gently)—He is my father, Algernon.

Algernon (in deep abstraction)—True; I had not thought of that.

Enter Father.

End of Act I.—Scene 1.

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Osgoode Notes.

PUBLIC debate number thirty-eight of the above society, being the first for the season of 1891-92, was held in Convocation Hall on Friday evening, November 20.

It seems simply surprising to even an experienced observer that these affairs should be so popular as they undoubtedly are, not so much with the ordinary everyday kind of audiences, but with the best people that this metropolitan city can turn out.

There are three principal reasons for this popularity. First, and probably most important, is the fact that the members of the Law School and the junior bar are popular with the ladies, and deservedly so, for the vast majority of them are very gentlemanly young fellows, with rather more than the average of good looks, brains and social qualifications, and rather less of the empty-headed, cigarette-smoking affectation which unfortunately enters largely into the make-up of too many of Toronto's society men.

In the second place, the managing committee spares neither pains nor expense in providing really first-class programmes, and it is only natural that they should be duly appreciated; and thirdly, it has become the fashionable thing to attend these debates, which means a great deal, particularly with the ladies.

When the programme was opened by the orchestra the hall was crowded to the doors, and any coming late had to be accommodated in the spacious rooms ordinarily devoted to the use of the Benchers of the Law Society, where they could sit in the comfortable armchairs and coudols with one another for the loss of the programme, and make up for it in social converse and flirtation, which some of them did very satisfactorily; in fact, there is a rumor current that some of them came late on purpose.

The following was the programme, the songs by Mrs. Caldwell and the reading by Mr. W. E. Lincoln Hunter being particularly well received:

Overture—Salutation ..... Ferrari
Harmony Orchestra.
Chorus—Tramp Song .....
Osgoode Glee Club.
Song—Theme and Variations ..... Proch
Mrs. Caldwell.
Selection—Martha ..... Flotow
Harmony Orchestra.
Piano Duett—Tarantelle, Op 28 ..... Leff
The Misses Gordon.
Song—The Rainy Day ..... Dempster
Mrs. Caldwell.
Reading—The Murderer ..... Poe
Mr. E. Lincoln Hunter.
Duett—A. B. C. ..... Parry
Mrs. Caldwell and Mr. Schmah.
Chorus—Ukulele .....
Osgoode Glee Club.
Solop—Happy Hearts ..... Rothmann
Harmony Orchestra.
Accompanist, Miss Nellie Gordon.

The President's address was a very good one, containing a number of very happy hits and including an instructive as well as entertaining historical sketch of the bar. The debate was on the question:

"Resolved,—That the system of professional close corporations, created and protected by special legislation, should be discontinued." Mr. J. D. Spence's speech for the affirmative was a very logical one and particularly well delivered, while Mr. A. T. Hunter's, delivered in his well known manner, fairly brought down the house. Messrs. J. A. McKay and Howard Ferguson upheld the negative in a manner reflecting great credit both upon their powers of accumulating facts and expressing their ideas in good English. Mr. John Hoskin, Q.C., occupied the chair and performed his duties in a most able and pleasing manner. The hall was beautifully decorated with flowers and bunting, which was a new and highly commendable departure from the usual thing. After the concert an impromptu dance wound up one of the best public debates the society has ever held. LEX.

CHRISTMAS NOW!

It seems a little premature, perhaps, to commence talking Christmas and Christmas boxes, but already the little ones are asking "how many days" and "how many Sundays till Christmas," and the elder ones are beginning make known their Christmas wants. For this we are now prepared --in fact have already set to one side a few very choice thinge selected by some of our patrons. We show a stock never before equalled in this city for its variety and appropriateness.

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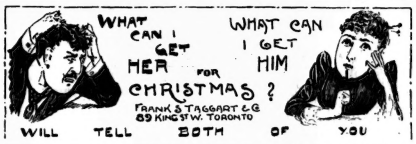

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1.00	"	Sarsaparilla	75
1.00	"	Bitters	75
75	"	Buchu	50
75	"	Syrup of Figs	50
50	"	Florida Water	40
50	"	Household Ammonia	25
50	"	Disinfectant	25
50	"	Pills	25

GEO. A. BINGHAM

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

HALL—On Wednesday, at 19 Gildersleeve ave., Mrs. Alfred Hall—a daughter.
GREGG—Nov. 20, Mrs Wm. S. Gregg—a daughter.
McAINSH—Nov. 19, Mrs. D. T. McAinsh—a daughter.
MOORE—Nov. 16, Mrs David Moore—a son.
ADAMS—Nov. 18, Mrs. George Adams—a son.
SCARLETT—Nov. 19, Mrs. E. A. Scarlett—a son.
BOYD—Nov. 22, Mrs. J. Tower Boyd—a son.
TURNBULL—Nov. 22, Mrs. Jas. Turnbull—a son.
SEWELL—Nov. 20, Mrs. St. A. Sewell—twin sons.
LEACH—Nov. 24, Mrs. Fred Leach—a son.
DRINKWATER—Nov. 23, Mrs R. Drinkwater—a son.

Marriages.

BOWES—COONEY—At St. Mary's Church, Toronto, on Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1891, by Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney, George H., son of the late Dr. John Bowes, F. S. A., Warrington, England, to Lillie, third daughter of Thomas Cooney, Toronto.
ROSS—LITTLEJOHN—Nov. 19, Philip D. Ross to Mary B. Little John.
BACON—NISBET—Nov. 11, S. G. Bacon to Mary Nisbet.
MILLER—MILNE—Nov. 18, Wm. Miller to E. Milne.
HUFFMAN—NOBLE—Nov. 18, L. Hoffman to Jessie Noble.
SKYNNER—GILBERT—Nov. 14, W. J. Skynner to Audie Gilbert.
ANDERSON—MONTGOMERY—Nov. 20, Frank Anderson to Jennie Montgomery.
DOBBIE—HODGSON—Nov. 18, S. W. Dobbie to Mary Hodgson.
LAVENTURE—PERSSE Nov. 17. A. J. LaVenture and Minnie Persse.
BURRITT—HORROCKS—Nov. 25, Frederick Burritt to Ethel Horrocks.
ARGALL—HOWDEN—Nov. 25, Wm. Argall to Nellie Howden.

Deaths.

HEAP—Nov. 18, Herbert J. Heap, aged 3.
BEITH—Nov. 18, infant son of Wm. Beith.
BURLAND—Nov. 17, Amy M. S. Burland.
CASTLE—Nov. 19, Rose Castle.
FLEMING—Nov. 18, Samuel Fleming, aged 73.
FULFORD—Cobourg, Oct. 29, Ernest G. Fulford.
PATTERSON—Nov. 19, Hizal Gertude Patterson.
SKAYNER—Nov. 18, Annie B. Skayner.
BICKELL—Nov. 20, James B. Bickell, aged 64.
CASPER—Nov. 20, Helena A. Casper, aged 69.
FLETCHER—Nov. 20, Margaret A. Fletcher, aged 66.
BRUCE——Nov. 19, Wm. Bruce, aged 79.
ALLEN—Nov. 23, Jane Allen, aged 70.
BAULD—Nov. 24, Anna A. Bauld, aged 15.
BOULTON—Nov. 23, Harriet Boulton, aged 65.
CURRAN—Nov. 19, Monsequa T. Curran, aged 2.
PRINGLE—Hamilton, Phœbe E. Pringle, aged 63.
STITT—Nov. 23, James Stitt, aged 66.
SWARTOUT—Nov. 24, Wm. J. Swartout, aged 24.
BELL—Nov. 21 Donald C. Bell, aged 30.
MORISON—Nov. 23, James Morison, aged 72.
MOORE—Nov. 23, Wilbert A. Moore, aged 2.
THOMSON—Nov. 22, Helen E. Thomson, aged 24.
BOWBEER—Nov. 17, Annie G. Bowbeer, aged 8.
DIMMOCK—Nov. 20, Charles Dimmock, aged 3.
ROBINSON—Nov. 20, Amelia Rob nson.
VEALE—Nov. 12, James Veale, aged 55.
INNES—Nov. 22, James Innes, aged 68.
HANDCOCK—Nov. 1, R. H. Handcock, aged 52.
COOK—Bradford, Gibson Cook, aged 63.
CHANNELL—Nov. 22, R. J. Channell, aged 26.
GREENWOOD—Nov. 25, Percy V Greenwood, aged 28.
SPOONER—Nov. 25, Mary Spooner.
ROTTA—Nov. 24, Ida Emily Rotta.
DRINKWATER—Nov. 23, William Drinkwater.
WILLS—Nov. 16, Adelbie Wills, aged 24.
WREN—Nov. 17, William E. Wren, aged 24.
TASSIE—Nov. 19, Thomas L. Tassie, aged 12.
KEIGHLEY—Nov. 18, Evelyn C. Keighley, aged 3.
GREEN—Nov. 17, Rachel Green, aged 69.
REID—Nov. 23, Mrs. George Reid, aged 71.
CUMMINS—Nov. 10, Eva Cummins, aged 14.
VENN—Nov. 9, Alice May Venn, aged 15.

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Sable Collar and Muff, $12.50, $15 and 22 the set.
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